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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 731

EDITORIAL:
- The Problem of Coal 734
- The Nation's Business 735
- On the Verge of a Crime 736
- Collecting Past and Present 736
- The Star System in Literature 737

A NEWSPAPER CONFISCATED AND RETURNED. By Anna Louise Strong 738

WHAT WE SHOULD DO ABOUT MEXICO. By John Kenneth Turner 740

THE BREAKDOWN OF GOVERNMENT 743

EVOLUTION IN TRANSPORTATION. By Charles J. Finger 744

THE DARK. By Ruth E. Henderson 746

CORRESPONDENCE 746

DRAMA: The Jewish Art Theatre. By L. L. 747

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION 749

BOOKS OF THE WEEK 755

HOLIDAY BOOK SUPPLEMENT

THE POETRY OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN. By Hartley Burr Alexander 757

WILLIAM DE MORGAN. By Robert P. Utter 759

LITERATURE:
- A Psychical Epidemic 762
- Ballads in Nova Scotia 763
- "This Unintelligible World" 764
- A Modern Quixote 765
- The Soul of the Worker 766
- The German Socialists 768

BOOKS IN BRIEF 770

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. By M. H. B. M. 778

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TO the chronic distempers affecting the German state—distempers caused by the fuel and food shortage, by unemployment and general economic disorganization—have lately been added certain more acute afflictions. So long as the terms of the protocol, presented by the Allies in November, include a demand for compensation for the sinking of the fleet at Scapa Flow and a threat of "military or other coercion" to enforce compliance, it appears probable that the present Cabinet will risk the consequence of a refusal to sign rather than yield and face an almost inevitable collapse. Even should the Ebert Government survive, it must face a new crisis which Herr Erzberger's tax measures are sure to create. Embodied in three bills, the financial proposals would enable the federated States and local communities to levy taxes; would establish a graduated income tax rising to 60 per cent. on incomes in excess of 500,000 marks; and would provide for a "national emergency levy on capital" amounting almost to confiscation. This latter measure is being attacked with great bitterness in banking and financial circles, while the National Chamber of Commerce and the Trade Committee of the Diet have both sent messages of protest and repudiation to the National Assembly. At the same time the Cabinet is reported to be suffering from internal dissension over certain provisions in the Industrial Councils bill now under consideration. Although the constant demonstrations of the militarists and the Pan-Germans are doubtless more spectacular than dangerous, and although the revolutionary opposition of the Independent Socialists is weakened by the general apathy and depression of the German masses, it seems evident that forces within and without the country are in league to force the Ebert Government out of office.

THE Spanish situation continues stormy. The settlement of November 12, terminating the general lockout which began on November 3, has failed to prove effective. The lockout was resumed in Barcelona on December 1, and is reported to be spreading throughout Catalonia, while a general lockout began in Madrid on December 6. From Vigo, one of the most important seaports, comes the report that a general strike has tied up practically all industry in that city. The industrial unrest is reflected in the political situation. The parties of the Left are making trouble for the Government in the Cortes. It will be recalled that it was a coalition of the Left, including the Liberals, led by Count Romanones, which on July 16 overthrew the reactionary Maura Ministry. The De Toca Ministry, which succeeded—the third Cabinet since the armistice—fell on December 1, following its failure to induce the Deputies to proceed with the budget measure. Although purely Conservative, this ministry had met with opposition in Conservative ranks. Señor Dato, whose party, the Liberal Conservatives, it represented, is said to have been displeased by Señor de Toca's evident disposition to conciliate the parties of the Left, while the extreme Conservatives, followers of Maura and Le Cierva, have been cool toward Señor de Toca from the first. The total Conservative strength in the Cortes barely exceeds the combined strength of the Left, and no Conservative Ministry which cannot count upon solid Conservative support is likely to stand. There are two movements on foot, one among the liberals, the other among the extreme conservatives, toward a concentration of the entire Conservative strength in one party. Unless some such concentration is effected it seems probable that the parties of the Left will continue to defeat one Conservative Ministry after another.

SINCE his return to South Africa and his designation as Prime Minister in succession to General Botha, General Smuts has been raising his voice in every corner of the Union in an effort to convince the people that the present status of the Union within the British Empire is not only that which is ordained of God, but one desirable in itself; and he has with some effect contrasted the humiliation suffered by South Africa at Vereeniging with its present recognition at Paris as an independent member of the League of Nations. He has also emphasized the fact that while General Herzog, the leader of the South African Nationalists, and the rest of the Nationalist delegation at Paris, brought back only a complete rejection of their claims, he himself, with the aid of General Botha, had secured an acknowledgment of "South Africa's freedom and

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equality with the other nations of the world." Secession, he insists, is unconstitutional; the South African Union, having incorporated in its fundamental law a recognition of the King and of its own place in the Empire, cannot constitutionally repudiate the King and the Empire nor change the Constitution "without bloodshed and tears." The vehemence of General Smuts's protestations suggests that there are many opponents to be convinced, and that the ghost of Nationalism, although laid at Paris, still walks in South Africa. What the Nationalists will do with the future if it falls to their lot to decide it is still a matter of doubt. In a recent debate in the South African Parliament on the question of a mandate for German Southwest Africa, General Smuts challenged the Nationalist claim that the coming elections would result in a Nationalist majority, and demanded a statement of the Nationalist position from the leader of the Opposition. Would the Nationalists, he asked, secede and "force the minority"? "We shall see then," replied General Herzog.

THE campaign in Great Britain against the continuance of embargoes and monopolies, notwithstanding the armistice and the Treaty of Versailles, continues to be vigorously urged. The Anti-Embargo League, the formation of which a few months ago was largely due to the energy of Mr. F. W. Hirst, the able editor of the weekly journal *Common Sense*, found itself confronted with a situation in which "the famine blockade was continued, new wars were initiated in Russia, fresh troubles arose in Egypt and India, war expenditure continued, debt accumulated, and prices, instead of falling, soon began to rise still higher." Nevertheless, war-time restrictions upon British exports and imports continued. Thanks to the efforts of the League, seconded by such newspapers as the *Manchester Guardian* and by a number of leading public men, the close of the last session of Parliament saw the abolition of embargoes and monopoly licenses affecting some three hundred articles. A recent publication of the League points out, however, that while the victory for commercial freedom was considerable and encouraging, the system still remains. Among the important articles still subject to embargo are dyes, certain chemicals and drugs, optical instruments, gauges, and hosiery needles, for all of which the British manufacturer or consumer still pays a monopoly price. Moreover, the Government has announced its intention not only to take measures against "dumping" and "to check any flood of imports (for instance from Germany)" arising from the disordered condition of exchange, but also to list a limited number of "unstable" key industries for whose products an import license will still be required. One result of the system, it has been pointed out, has been to encourage the trade in high-class drugs between Germany and France, from which latter country the drugs may be expected to find their way to England, "France having first taken a middleman profit."

TWO unarmed citizens were walking along the road when an officer of the occupying army approached them. Apparently there was something suspicious in their manner; at any rate the officer drew his revolver and fired thirteen times at the civilians. It was a case of cold-blooded murder on the part of the officer. Yet the court-martial which tried him on charges of drunkenness and manslaughter acquitted him. Where did this happen and who was the Hun? It happened in Haiti, the victims were innocent Haitians, the officer was an American, First Lieutenant Samuel B. Ryan, of the Marine Corps, and the court was an American court-martial. Fortunately for our American reputation, the commander of the First Provisional Brigade refused to approve this miscarriage of justice. "The contention by the defense," he declared, "that this shooting was necessary to the safety of the accused is not well taken. Keeping silently on the way would seem to have been a much more judicious method than bombarding two unarmed natives and emptying two clips, one containing seven and the other six cartridges, into them." Yet this judicial opinion has not landed Lieutenant Ryan in prison nor can it restore the lives of the men he murdered. But it does explain why some natives of Haiti regard our intervention in that republic as on a moral plane akin to the German invasion of Belgium, and as not lacking in some of the incidents that characterized the German occupation of King Albert's country. There is no difference in the nature of imperialism when it imposes its will upon alien peoples by force and without their consent. The American people, we feel sure, would not long tolerate such wrongdoing as that in Haiti were they not kept in ignorance of it through the careful censorship of news by the Navy Department.

GREAT as was the demand of the outside world for American goods during the war, it is even greater now. Europe alone increased its imports from America from $3,200,175,284 in the first ten months of 1918 to $4,266,284,756 in the first ten months of this year, a gain of nearly one-third. Exports to Germany amounted to $52,420,095 for the first ten months of this year, against nothing in 1918. Exports to Belgium were three times as great as in the previous year, while trade with Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, which was cut to a mere driblet in 1918, has again assumed large proportions. All this indicates that the reconstitution of Europe has begun, despite the efforts of the peacemakers at Versailles to retard it. From that standpoint such trade is a good omen. Viewed from another angle, these huge American exports are less pleasing because they are not accompanied by a corresponding increase in imports. This condition has helped to boost prices for the American consumer, and is placing an almost impossible burden on the European buyer by further reducing in this market the value of the already depreciated foreign money. For the entire world, the value of American exports is now double that of the imports, and for the first ten months of this year the exports to Europe amounted to eight times the value of imports therefrom. Unless a method can be devised of adjusting this difference—such as increasing imports or the granting of long-time credits—Europe will be forced to abandon our markets as rapidly as it can get on its own feet.

BETTER passenger and mail service to the east coast of South America, long demanded and long promised, is at hand through the assignment by the United States Shipping Board of seven former German steamships to the Munson Line. The company will begin a regular fortnightly service to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires next spring, after extensive alterations have been made in the vessels. The largest of the steamships are the Æolus, formerly the Grosser Kurfürst; the Huron, formerly the Friedrich der Grosse; the Princess Matoika, formerly the Prinzess Alice; and the Pocahontas, formerly

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the Prinzess Irene. These vessels average about 10,000 tons gross, with a speed of some fifteen knots an hour. Both in size and speed they are below the demands that some persons have declared to be necessary to meet the expanding travel to South America, but they are all that the trade can at present support. So far as Buenos Aires is concerned, a ship of 10,000 tons gross is about the largest that can cross the mud bars of the Rio de la Plata. In the matter of speed, Americans are too prone to use transatlantic schedules as a standard of comparison. On the other great trade routes of the world fourteen knots is fast, sixteen is exceptional, and eighteen is almost non-existent. The new service should reduce the trip between New York and Buenos Aires to three weeks, with stops, against the four weeks now required.

MR. WILL H. HAYS'S recent address in New York at a dinner of more than a thousand "actual organizers" and some seven hundred "more or less active workers" of the Republican party will not, we fear, catch many votes among the liberals. "With all our power," declared Mr. Hays, "we will strive to prevent the further spread of socialism." This will not only widen the breach with the organized Socialists of various stripes, who, of course, could not be expected to vote for Republicans anyway but who will welcome every new reason for opposing them, but also the very large number of voters who, without identifying themselves with any Socialist party as such, are on many political and economic matters Socialists at heart. "The business men of this country," who were "supremely loyal," are "entitled to every consideration, including the right to run their own business." This, if it stood alone, ought to pull a few votes in such business circles as are yet unreconstructed; but what will those same business circles think when they read, a paragraph or two later on, that "we must develop a reasonable method for honest and efficient labor to acquire an interest in the business to which labor is expected to give its best efforts"? Is Mr. Hays angling for the business vote with one hand and for the labor vote with the other, or is this only his way of saying, what he says more oratorically in his next sentence, that "pending this development, the equilibrium between production and wages must be established, and there must be justice for all"? Does the Republican national chairman seriously think that, in the present state of political and economic thought among the masses of the American people, his party can win an election on such airy stuff?

THE Washington conference called by the American Federation of Labor for December 13 will have before it, among other things, the program adopted by the recent National Farmer-Labor Conference in Chicago, together with a request that the program be endorsed. This program calls for government ownership and democratic operation, for service and not for profit, of the railways of the country and of the ships built by the Federal Government during the war; for a similar treatment of all natural resources; and for putting the credit and finance of the country in the hands of the Government, instead of leaving them to restricted private control. The labor influence behind these ideas came largely from the railway brotherhoods and from trade unions in the Middle West. The farmer delegates were also largely from the latter region, and the National Cooperative Association was prominently represented. The program put forward has yet to receive the endorsement of the strongest forces among both the farmers and organized labor, but it is extremely suggestive as showing the extent to which those classes are in agreement. Obviously, the reconstruction of American industrial life can be accomplished only through similar agreement among all the various groups of workers, and the agreement of workers with consumers.

THE merging of the St. Louis *Republic* with the *Globe-Democrat* is the most striking example of the steady decrease in the number of daily newspapers which we have had since the disappearance of the Chicago *Herald*. It is even more striking than the Chicago happening because the *Republic* was the oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi, and the distinction of being the oldest Democratic paper in the country was also claimed for it. The merger leaves St. Louis with only two morning newspapers, as is the case with Chicago. In the same week in which this consolidation took place the New York evening *Staats-Zeitung* and the German morning *Herold* were discontinued, while the Ithaca (New York) *Journal* and *News*, the *Piqua* (Ohio) *Call*, *Press*, and *Dispatch*, and the White Plains (New York) *Reporter*, *Argus*, and *Daily Record* were consolidated. The scarcity of print paper and its great cost are of course accentuating a tendency which was marked even before the war began. Only in New York has the movement been less striking than elsewhere, but evidently the beginning of the combinations which must come in the metropolis is at hand. While the strong newspapers are revelling in an amount of advertising never before seen, receiving it partly because of the excess-profits tax without even having to solicit it, the weaker dailies are finding harder and harder sledding. It is a never-ending race between the advertising returns and the soaring costs, and, as in the case of the St. Louis *Republic*, every now and then the costs win the race, to the detriment of the press and of the public.

FLIPPANCY, mere flippancy, has suggested that the great American sport of the coming winter will be the game of keeping warm. *The Nation*, chary of flippancy and disposed always to look on the brighter side of things, must urge the public to remember that this country has notoriously tended to keep its houses too hot, and that when necessity has cured us of that excess we shall probably have fewer colds than ever before. But where are our hardier virtues that we persist in trembling over mere lack of fuel? We shame our sires. Let every State, yes, every hamlet, look to its past for some native exercise which will keep away the chill. Californians, for instance, can chase the Chinese up and down the steepest mountains. Gentile and Mormon in Utah can heat themselves by renewing the warfare traditional to their clans. Surely the plains must have some modern *Ersatz* in place of the modest, useful, archaic buffalo chip, the mere gathering of which should be sufficient exercise. The prairies can burn their cornstalks, as in the wasteful days. Pennsylvania knows how to set its sects wrangling if things grow desperate. For Virginia there is fox-hunting, which kindles man and beast. The animals herded in New York subways and elevated trains need no external warmth. New England, if the immigration of many aliens has not too far divorced the Puritan commonwealths from their ancient habitudes, can resort to introspection, or even to prayer. Who knows but that the winter may do a good deal to Americanize us yet?

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The Problem of Coal

IT is time for the American people to ask themselves some searching questions about their coal mines. In any rational view of the matter the mines exist, not merely or primarily to give wages to miners or profits to owners or operators, but primarily and chiefly to provide an adequate and regular supply of coal for public and private needs at a minimum cost of production and distribution. Wages and profits, whatever their amount or rate at any given time are, after all, only means to the attainment of this primary end. Today the whole world needs coal as never before; thousands of men, women, and children in Europe, and perhaps some in this country, are likely to die in the course of the next few weeks from lack of coal; the issue of industrial paralysis and social chaos at home and abroad hangs upon coal more, perhaps, than upon any other one thing. Yet for a month the bituminous mines of the United States have been practically closed by a strike. Neither the operators, nor the leaders of the miners, nor the Government, nor all three together have thus far been able to tempt or drive the miners back into the mines. Who or what is responsible? How are we to get coal, not only for today or tomorrow, but regularly, permanently, sufficiently?

The question of personal responsibility for the present crisis may be left on one side for the moment as relatively unimportant; reform, in any event, must deal with human nature as it is. We may pass over, also, the question of the technical inadequacy of the present system of production, storage, and distribution, merely noting that the system, if it may be called such, is, from the standpoint of scientific management, chaotic and wasteful beyond all reason. The social problems which the system has created through its exploitation of cheap foreign labor may also be ignored. The main point now is that no real solution of the coal difficulty has yet been reached, or even approximated, under the existing scheme of ownership and operation.

According to the majority report of the British Coal Commission, "the relationship between the masters and workers in most of the coal fields of the United Kingdom is, unfortunately, of such a character that it seems impossible to better it under the present system of ownership." The workers, the report continues, now have "a higher ambition of taking their due share and interest in the direction of the industry to the success of which they, too, are contributing." The attitude of the mine owners, on the other hand, was well expressed by Lord Gainford, a representative of the Mining Association, when he said: "If the owners are not to be left complete executive control they will decline to accept the responsibility of carrying on the industry; and though they regard nationalization as disastrous to the country, they feel they would in such event be driven to the only alternative—nationalization on fair terms." On this question of control the positions of American, as well as of British, operators and miners appear to be as irreconcilable as they are suspicious and hostile, as may be seen by comparing the proceedings of the Cleveland convention with the conduct and utterances of the operators and miners during the past two months. In the meantime the mines are idle and we have no coal.

The facts of the situation seem, moreover, to leave small hope for success through any scheme of compromise or compulsion. Outside arbitration of disputes the miners have rejected. Court injunctions and military force they have quietly, but successfully, ignored. Conciliation and joint control within the industry they have hitherto welcomed, but the operators, by inviting the present strike, have practically served notice that they themselves do not propose to go further along that road. The miners at Cleveland put forward a program. Their officials promptly forgot it and plunged once more into the old destructive fight over wages and hours. So the struggle has gone, neither side facing the facts squarely or offering any constructive suggestion to which it seemed willing to adhere.

As reported by Mr. Heber Blankenhorn in *The Nation* of September 27, "wherever the miners have got the idea, it is fixed in their heads—that the mines can be taken out of the hands of the operators, and that all the coal the country needs can be mined under conditions that will give the miners an easier day and a good life." That, in substance, is the Cleveland plan. In it the American miners agree with the British miners; with British labor, almost unanimously, as represented in the Trade Union Congress; with the majority of the British Coal Trade Industry Commission in the notable reports of June last; with organized labor in practically every European country, as voiced by official spokesmen for labor organizations and by members of responsible Governments; and with the overwhelming majority of the leaders of liberal thought throughout the world. Already in a number of countries exclusive private ownership and operation of coal mines have given way to some form of government ownership or control; and in none of those countries, so far as we are aware, is there a disposition to return to the older system. In view of the growing volume of opinion and practice in other countries, of the impossible situation with which the United States is now confronted, and of the growing public irritation over a controversy which demoralizes industry and social life, the burden of proof rests upon owners, operators, and miners to show that the needful supplies of coal can in some way be produced under any other system than that of state ownership or control of the mines.

The issue is not to be avoided by pleading the constitutional obstacles to Federal control, or the likelihood of divergent or contradictory policies under State control, or the general ineffectiveness of the Federal Administration at the present moment, or the magnitude of the personal and corporate property rights involved. All of these are real difficulties, to be met only by candid discussion and wise planning. No public policy which does injustice to anybody ought to receive the assent of the American people. But the difficulty which now confronts the country is too serious to be dealt with by half measures. The strike will doubtless be settled somehow, but it will not long remain settled if the conditions which have produced it continue unchanged. If the owners, operators, and workers of the coal mines really wish to supply the public with coal, it is incumbent upon them either to show that that can be done under the present system, or else to agree upon some other system which, while preserving existing property rights and the wages system, will achieve the desired end. Failing that, the suffering public is certain to turn for relief, if only as a last resort rather than as a step of whose wisdom it is theoretically convinced, to state ownership or control.

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The Nation's Business

RIGID economy in government expenditures is imperatively required in the interest of the American people. The Congress should therefore establish promptly a scientific budget system, with all that such a system will mean for governmental efficiency. The problem has never before possessed a tithe of its present importance. Secretary Glass estimates that expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, will amount to $5,629,486,359; while Chairman Good, of the House Committee on Appropriations, points out that the drain on the Treasury during the coming year, if all requests are granted, will be not less than $9,000,000,000, taking into account the deficiency as well as the regular appropriations. It is probably no exaggeration to say that the Federal Government will, during the coming year, determine the expenditure of a sixth of the entire income of the people of the United States. Through the control of expenditure it will likewise control production; and if Secretary Glass's estimates are approved, we shall be required to spend a billion and a half in creating guns and munitions and fortifications and battleships, and in maintaining soldiers and sailors in uniform. The Shipping Board is asking for $448,000,000 to be expended on the merchant marine. Further, of the wealth to be produced next year, another billion and a quarter, representing interest and sinking fund on the debt created during the war, is already mortgaged to the holders of public securities.

The President in his message rightly declares that "there should be one single authority responsible for the making of all appropriations, and that appropriations should be made not independently of each other, but with reference to one single comprehensive plan of expenditure properly related to the nation's income"; that the burden of preparing the budget should rest on the Executive; that the budget thus prepared should be submitted to and approved or amended by a single committee of each House of Congress; and that no independent appropriations should be made except as they have been "included in the budget prepared by the Executive or added by the particular committee of Congress charged with the budget legislation." Mr. Wilson further urges that there should be established in the Treasury Department an independent and permanent bureau of audit, "authorized and empowered to examine into and make report on the methods employed and the results obtained by the Executive Department of the Government," and required to report directly to the Congress and the Secretary of the Treasury. It should be remembered that in making these recommendations the President is not pressing any new or unconsidered matter, but is acting in pursuance of platform pledges made by both the great parties; in fact, he is doing little more than urging upon the Congress the prompt enactment of the Good bill, which on October 21 passed the House by a vote of 283 to 3. As was pointed out at that time, if the Senate passes the bill the real fight will occur over the necessary change in the House rules cutting off the powers of the twenty-odd committees that now determine appropriations.

From both the scientific and the business point of view, the case against our present system of making appropriations is so overwhelming that almost any reasonably good budget measure ought to be promptly enacted. As was explained in *The Nation* of June 21 last, estimates are now made up in the various bureaus and forwarded to the Secretary of the Department. On this basis each Department and each separate establishment like the Interstate Commerce Commission thus makes its own estimates and submits them to the Secretary of the Treasury, who binds them together and forwards them to the Congress when it meets in December. The President is not responsible for the estimates and cannot coördinate them in accordance with any general plan of the Government. A more unbusinesslike, unintelligent, and wasteful method of handling the people's business could scarcely be devised, and no one except those who hope to profit individually or locally through feeding at the public trough can have any interest in maintaining the system.

Happily, the principles that should guide us in replacing it are clear and simple, and are well attested in the experience both of foreign countries and of great business corporations. The President is absolutely right in declaring, despite American precedent to the contrary, that the Executive should prepare the budget. In saying this we are fully aware of the vast enlargement of Executive power that has taken place in the United States during the present century, as well as of the further access of influence that will come with such control over the budget, particularly if the Congress estops itself, as the President properly requests it to do, from passing separate appropriation bills. We count ourselves, moreover, among those who feel keenly the dangers of centralized power, and who realize the deserved contempt into which the Executive branch of the Government has been brought because of the arbitrary assumption of authority by the present Administration, combined with the weakness and ineptitude of its action. Nevertheless, the President must be held responsible for formulating a policy and for laying down a coördinated plan to carry out that policy. He must be the leader of the Government in fact as well as in name, and must carry Congress with him by virtue of the excellence of his policy and his plans, if Government is not to remain in the low estate to which it has now declined. As a first condition of efficient government, we must place budget responsibility on the President, despite the failures of the present Administration.

Such a proposal, however, embraces only one-half of the necessary action. If power is to be centralized in the hands of the Executive, then the Executive must be made responsible to the national legislature unless we are to suffer from an arbitrary Executive tyranny. The present financial system serves only to emphasize once more the necessity for such constitutional modification as shall give us a responsible Executive, and not one delegated for four years with practically irrevocable authority. The enactment of the budget legislation wisely urged by the President, and imperatively demanded as a means of avoiding misdirection of the nation's productive power through uncoördinated and wasteful government expenditures on a vast scale, should be promptly accompanied by such constitutional revision as will establish Executive responsibility. These two measures are among the first steps in the rehabilitation of our moribund Federal Government. We do not suggest that these measures alone will restore vitality to our political institutions. Where life has gone out of them it is because they have largely ceased to respond to our economic needs; and they cannot be brought back to vigor by any mere changes of personnel or machinery. But to make government actually powerful and responsible within its proper field of operation is the first step in preparing it to meet the economic demands of the new time.

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On the Verge of a Crime

"FOR myself, I was bitterly opposed to the measure (the annexation of Texas), and to this day regard the war which resulted as one of the most unjust ever waged by a stronger against a weaker nation. It was an instance of a republic following the bad example of European monarchies, in not considering justice in their desire to acquire additional territory." It was thus that General Grant described our first Mexican war; "unholy," he also termed it. Yet we have been brought to the brink of another war which would be even unholier than that in which General Grant participated; a war which would be a crime against Mexico, an abnegation of American ideals, a repudiation of the reasons which we gave for entering the war against Germany. We went to war with Germany, it will be remembered, in order to safeguard liberty, to make the world safe for democracy, and to end wars once and forever. To plunge again into a war which, according to the General Staff, would call for 450,000 men and take three and one-half years, would be to make of our past pretences the merest hypocrisy.

Yet we are threatened with this plunge at the very moment when our own country is wrestling with industrial chaos, when constitutional government itself is threatening to break down, when the economic and political evils which in every country have followed the ending of the world war are present with us, and when we are staggering under a war debt the annual charge of which is a billion and a quarter. The operations of government at Washington are paralyzed by the illness of the President. Who shall say what further evil a war with Mexico such as is now vociferously demanded in influential quarters will bring in its train? Not the President, who did not even inform himself about the secret treaties by which our Allies in the late war had bound themselves in order the better to put through their schemes of self-aggrandizement, clothed under the hypocritical pretence of saving the liberties of the world. Not the President, who solemnly assured all of Latin-America, in a speech at Mobile, in 1913, that the United States did not contemplate the conquest of another foot of territory.

The thoughtful public, however, knows what would happen, even if the jingoes do not care. War with Mexico would kindle flames of hate and anger against the United States in all of the Central and South American republics. It would destroy at one blow the laborious gains of decades in the cause of Pan-Americanism. No amount of unctuous assurance that we were going into Mexico merely for Mexico's good, that our intentions were benevolent, or that we intended merely to "stabilize" Mexico as we have "stabilized" Cuba and the Philippines, would satisfy either the Mexicans or the South Americans. Recalling our course in Santo Domingo and Hayti, knowing that the Carranza Government has made steady progress in the pacification of Mexico, and that President Carranza himself is shortly to lay down his office, the South Americans would see small virtue in our smug pretensions. On the contrary, even if they do not recall the way in which the United States acquired Arizona, New Mexico, and California, they are well aware of the wealth of the Mexican oil fields and mines, and they would be drawn together over night against the colossus of the North that seems incapable of understanding their spirit, their philosophy, their aspirations, or their national psychology. To our trade with South America, indeed, intervention in Mexico would assuredly give a deadly blow.

But, it is asked, must we quietly submit while our fellow-citizens are being tortured and robbed in Mexico? Certainly not. To be sure, we do sit rather tamely by while our own citizens are robbed and tortured and hanged and burned alive at home. Yet we do not talk wildly of "cleaning up" and "stabilizing" the South, which is principally guilty of those crimes, by flying columns with tanks and poison gas. Nevertheless, although we do not for a moment urge that the Government should fail to act when Americans are injured, we must still point out that there are other resources than the threat of troops and cannon. But if we are to continue to go at Mexico in the same old irritating diplomatic way, if we are to entrust to leaders like Senator Fall the solution of the problem, war and disaster are inevitable.

A group of Mexican editors have modestly pointed out one avenue of approach. In a signed statement published in full in *The New York World*, the editors state that they have asked President Carranza to appoint a delegation consisting of two Cabinet members, two Senators, two Representatives, and three private citizens, to meet with a similar delegation to be appointed by President Wilson, for the purpose of clearing up any difference between the two Governments and "avoiding the consequences that may befall our countries as an outcome of enmity." *The Nation* gladly seconds their proposal. Friendly coöperation of such a sort is better than war, better than armed invasion such as Mr. Wilson indulged in at Vera Cruz, better than the familiar pursuit of Villa. It is decent, reasonable, and Christian. More than ever today we hear the appeal to the flag. It is just because we honor the flag that we do not wish to see it soiled and disgraced by an unjust and criminal war.

Collecting Past and Present

ART is upon the town, and it is the correct thing for the rich to collect pictures because the rich in the past collected them. In the past, however, the rich collected the works of their contemporaries; also, they commissioned their contemporaries to paint their portraits, or else to design votive offerings and decorative panels and tombs by which they and their doings might be immortalized. Philip IV lives in Spain partly because he had the sense and courage to commission Velasquez to paint him and his family history. The burgomasters and bankers of Amsterdam live in Holland partly because they had the sense and courage to commission Rembrandt to paint and etch them just as they were. Henry VIII, Charles I, and Oliver Cromwell live in England partly because they had the sense and the courage to commission Holbein and Van Dyck and Walker to paint them with equal realism, Cromwell insisting even that his warts should be put in. Royalty and rulers having shown the way, it became the fashion for every noble, every rich family, to be painted or modelled by the greatest artists of its day. And this went on until empires crumbled, nobility fell, and the *nouveaux riches* arose. The new collectors had no ancestors, no traditions, but, hurry-scurrying through Europe, they learned that a fine collection was a social asset, and they bought eagerly the spoils of the crumbled empires and fallen nobility, being afraid to commission artists themselves. It was then that the dealer came into his own. It is he who does the thinking and choosing, as well as the buying, for the modern collector. Nowhere has this sort of patronage of

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art been carried to such an extreme as in our own country. The majority of the ambitious collections which the majority of our ambitious collectors propose to dump upon us contain next to no contemporary work, and for that reason afford us the scantiest evidence of what the world is doing today in the different forms of art.

The best of all the well-known collections in the United States, the most dignified and restrained, the most comprehensive, is that of the late Mr. Frick. He may not have had the knowledge of the earlier collectors or the leisure to acquire it, but he was like them at least in his desire to possess only the finest examples of the masters. He was also like the modern collectors, however, in his shrinking from the work that is not hall-marked by time, and in the art of the day he hesitated to interest himself. Of the art of the past in which he was interested he succeeded so well in obtaining only the best that no modern private collection of old masters is so free from the mediocre and the doubtful. His examples of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Velasquez, Goya, Guardi are all as good as can be found outside of the great national galleries or those great inherited collections from which many of them came, and almost all have an unimpeachable pedigree. France has now nothing so complete and charming of its kind as his famous Fragonard series. In few English houses are there so many fine Reynoldses and Romneys, Gainsboroughs and Hoppners. Moreover, he cared enough for beautiful things to want to show them beautifully and to make them a part of his daily life. His pictures were not banished to formal galleries, not scattered here, there, and everywhere like the collections of the late Pierpont Morgan. He kept them about him in the rooms he used, the rooms he lived and worked in. And his house was beautiful, worthy to be offered to the city as a permanent museum, though the multiplication of public galleries is usually an evil to be avoided. It is because Mr. Frick's collection was so admirably chosen and arranged that his indifference to the artists of his own time is the more a matter to be regretted.

A few concessions to modern art he did make, and it is fortunate that he had not only the wisdom but the long purse to buy four or five Whistlers, among them three of the most distinguished large portraits—the "Rosa Corder," "Lady Meux," and "Mrs. Leyland." Unfortunately, Mr. Frick's wisdom did not carry him to the length of getting Whistler to paint his own (and, as it would have been, interesting) portrait. Nor, curiously, did Mr. Charles L. Freer, whose collection of Whistlers is the most complete in the world and whose generous gift of it to the nation is worthy of all honor. The mistake is one made by almost every other modern collector. Leyland, the prominent art patron of mid-Victorian days, was the conspicuous exception in England, and if he is remembered as "the Liverpool Medici," it is because of the many portraits in many mediums which Whistler has left to us of Leyland and his family. Here, the most notable exception is Marquand, who is known not only as a benefactor to the Metropolitan Museum, but as a distinct personality in the portrait of him by Sargent included in his bequest. The Frick pictures and other art treasures are a princely gift to the city of New York. But Mr. Frick himself, like Mr. Freer in Washington, runs the risk of being forgotten save as a name tagged to a collection. The American collector who can rival the great collectors of the past and also share their immortality has yet to make his appearance.

The Star System in Literature

THE stars are not all on the stage. The evils of the system which has multiplied them there exist among publishers and editors as well as among producers, at least among the purveyors of popular literature. One of the most amusing skits of Frank R. Stockton displays the system in action. A man who has written a remarkable story is overwhelmed by the discovery that no editor will look at a story of another kind from the same hand, let alone of another quality, and is persecuted by his fame until he is finally obliged to change his signature and work up another and a different reputation. Mr. Ring Lardner recently complained at the fate which condemns him to chronicle the same slangy hero in episode after episode. Who can doubt that in reflective moments a similar complaint visits the minds of George Randolph Chester and Montague Glass and Robert W. Chambers and Gouverneur Morris and George Ade? Will N. Harben always felt handicapped by his reputation as a producer of popular novels dealing with rural Georgia, and wanted badly to experiment elsewhere with his pen, but his publisher—he believed his public also—held him to his expected annual volume. Jack London, a man of real ambition, was so far seduced by the star system and the money it brought in that he neglected his handsome talents and never achieved more than half what he might have done under happier conditions.

Concern for profits is of course at the root of the evil. It is decidedly to the interest of publishers and editors to build up reputations that can be regularly counted on to sell wares. And if you have advertised an author who means something to the public you must not disappoint the public by giving it anything else. The argument seems sound as far as it goes.

It does not go, however, very far in the direction of producing a rich and varied literature. Nor can it be defended by claiming, in the language of industry, that it reduces duplication to a minimum and allows each factory to specialize in the article it can make best. An author's first success does not always show what is his essential gift. This is especially true in the United States, where writers of talent probably reach the public at any earlier age than in any other country. A more appropriate industrial image would lead one to argue that if you slaughter more veal you will have less beef. Now, the qualities of youth in literature are refreshing, but not the qualities of youth prolonged and retarded. The maturity of the soul does not come at twenty-five or thirty-five or ordinarily for many years thereafter. The effect of reading the principal American books of the past twenty years is not unlike that of talking with a great many clever and high-hearted undergraduates. The experience thrills, but it leaves us, for the most part, without that other satisfaction which comes only when we sit down with a wisdom which has ripened through longer experience and an utterance which through many trials and successes—and failures—has arrived at a flexibility and a richness of texture which youth, real or artificial, almost invariably lacks. The worst of it is that any system which gives us too much veal cheats us in time of a taste for stronger meat, or else tricks us into an appetite for trivial or overseasoned dainties which make up for their lack of solid substance by some subtlety of reminiscence or some violence of flavor.

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A Newspaper Confiscated—And Returned

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

SEATTLE has a way of making labor history. The third week in November saw not only the confiscation and later the return of the property of *The Seattle Union Record,* the mouthpiece of organized labor in that city, but produced as by-products several actions new in the history of unionism. The newspaper's plant was seized without warning by the United States Attorney, held throughout a week's time through various court delays, and at last returned on order of the court, which stated that it was illegally held. The mailing of the paper was held up for over a week by the local postmaster on the ground that he was "in doubt" concerning its mailability.

Meantime, the labor movement of the city, which was obviously expected by the authorities to indicate its anger in some storm or upheaval, remained calm and self-controlled, and began voting a day's pay per member for "a bigger, better *Union Record.*" Several unions displayed spontaneously the extent to which solidarity of feeling has transcended in Seattle the actual craft lines of organization. The union teamsters, sent to *The Union Record* office to haul away the confiscated files, records, and papers, obstinately refused to handle them until the marshal appealed to the secretary of *The Union Record's* board of control, whom he had just arrested. Mr. Rust then went out and told the teamsters "It's all right, boys; go ahead." And they went ahead.

The immediate cause of the seizure of *The Union Record* and the arrest of its editors was stated to be two editorials printed on November 11 and 12. The first of these dealt with the coal strike, and was an argument for political action. It pointed out that the strikers, successful on the economic field, were compelled to give in by the use of the courts, a political weapon. The miners, said this editorial, were right in obeying the courts, and had shown true Americanism in submitting to the law of the land, even if that law had been wrongfully administered. The weapon which must be used to correct such conditions was the ballot. "If the workers of the nation are worthy of being called free men they will, at the next election, kick into the discard the present governing class and in its stead elect to positions of power men and women who have some slight conception of the meaning of terms, and whose idea of language is not that it shall be used to confuse and confound."

The last statement which I have quoted was the section of the editorial which it was claimed was actionable under the Espionage law! The other editorial concerned the Centralia shooting, in which five men lost their lives. The word which first came to the press was that members of the I. W. W. had fired from their hall into the Armistice Day parade, killing four soldiers. That same evening one of the I. W. W. was taken from the city jail and lynched. Posses of citizens were hunting through the woods around Centralia for suspects; a reign of terror was on. *The Union Record* urged caution and soberness, a withholding of judgment until more facts should come out. The editorial which was objected to as seditious was headed: "Don't Shoot in the Dark." It read:

> Violence begets violence.
> Anarchy calls forth anarchy.
> That is the answer to the Centralia outrage.

The reason for it is found in the constant stream of laudation in the kept press of un-American, violent, and physical attacks upon the persons of those who disagree with the powers that be.

The rioting which culminated in the deaths of three returned service men in Centralia was the result of a long series of illegal acts by these men themselves—acts which no paper in the State was American enough to criticize except *The Union Record.*

The rest of the editorial was a plea for law and order by "rich and poor alike." *"The Union Record,"* it stated, "has never printed a line advocating that anybody 'be stood up against a wall and shot.' It has never countenanced physical violence for the redress of grievances."

These were the editorials for which the paper was seized and its editors arrested. I have quoted the supposedly incriminating parts. Anyone reading them would be astonished at the flimsiness of the excuse and would at once come to the conclusion that they were only the occasion, not the cause. The cause itself was three-fold. Labor in the State of Washington has organized politically. It has put up candidates for the coming school and port elections, candidates who were admitted to have a very good chance. One of these candidates was president of the board of trustees of *The Union Record,* and as such was arrested for sedition. The election was about two weeks off, and many members of organized labor believed that the political reason was a dominant one.

Secondly, a wide-spread and well-organized attack is being made on organized labor in Seattle through the newly-organized Associated Industries, which has the avowed intention of making Seattle an open-shop town. Large sums of money are being spent by this organization for advertisements in the newspapers. Pressure is brought on merchants who deal with unions. It is generally believed in labor circles that the most determined attempt ever made to break the labor forces is now on, reinforced, perhaps, by eastern capital as well as by local funds, and that this group is mainly behind the attack.

The other newspapers of the city have been feeling the competition of *The Union Record,* which has grown in a year and a half to a circulation equal to that of any other. They have kept alive the suspicions and bitternesses left by the general strike, and have never lost an opportunity to make it appear that *The Record* was a "Bolshevist" organ. The opportunity for attack came through the Centralia shooting. Feeling ran high over the account of an unarmed armistice parade, whose marchers were shot down by "reds." "Terrorize the Reds" was a headline appearing in one newspaper. Exhortations to violent reprisals, more or less veiled, were the order of the day. The calm suggestion of *The Union Record* that there might be two sides to the question, coupled with its statement that a feud of many months' standing had been going on in Centralia, during which the business men had again and again disregarded the law in their raids on the I. W. W.—this provoked an angry reaction. In fact, had the Government not seized the plant of *The Record,* threats of lawless raids upon it were freely made by several so-called patriotic organizations.

Gradually more facts came to light concerning the Centralia outrage. The coroner's jury refused to fix the guilt,

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because of much testimony to the effect that the men in the parade began a raid on the I. W. W. hall and forced open the door before the shooting started. Much more testimony came out to the effect that the coming raid had been common talk in Centralia for two or three weeks. The member of the I. W. W. who was lynched turned out to be, not the man the citizens' posse intended to kill, but an overseas veteran. This fact, suppressed by the other newspapers and printed by *The Union Record*, was stated in court by the United States Attorney to be another instance of the violation of the Espionage law by the labor paper!

Meantime *The Record* had been seized. Two hours before the seizure the other competing newspapers knew of it, and proclaimed it on the streets. Reporters, camera men, and moving-picture men accompanied the deputies. The editor, and the president and secretary of the board of trustees, were arrested and later released on bail. The employees were cleared out of the building which was then searched. Much material was carted away. The seizure occurred while the presses were turning out the regular home edition, and their work was stopped. The staff was told, rather vaguely, that the place was closed. Later in the evening the proprietors again obtained possession of the plant, with the assurance that there was no intention of holding it. However, on the following day, when the main edition was on the press, the marshal again arrived, stated that the plant was indefinitely closed, and gave the employees half an hour to clear out. The first act of one of the deputies was to take down the telephone, call up *The Star*, a competing newspaper, and announce "We've shut her down tight."

Throughout the day mounted policemen were in the streets of Seattle with the avowed intention of keeping down riots. There is little doubt that the authorities expected the union men, coming up from the shipyards, to "start something" on account of the suppression of their newspaper. The employees of *The Record*, meantime, made their way to the Labor Temple, where they were dismissed for the day by the editor, who stated: "This is a country of law. The law will prevail in the end, and we believe it is on our side."

The following day it was announced that the seizure of the plant did not mean the suppression of the newspaper, which was free to publish "if it could" without machines, presses, list of carrier boys, or mailing list. All presses in Seattle were found to be closed to *The Record* except a small flat-bed press in a suburb; on this a four-page newspaper was hastily printed. A duplicate mailing list was found, and the papers were taken to the post office "to save the mailing privileges." They were first refused, then accepted, and later refused again by the local postmaster, who stated that he was acting under the orders of the United States Attorney and was "in doubt" about the mailability of the newspaper. Legal proceedings were at once begun by the newspaper, but were delayed by the Government, which declared itself not yet ready to "show cause" for seizure. Meantime, advertisers were approached and threatened with arrest unless they cancelled contracts. These threats had no foundation in law and proved ineffective in most cases.

The supply of paper was cut off, but by roundabout methods a fresh supply was secured. The man who sold the paper was at once arrested on an indefinite charge. The newsboys of the city, threatened by the other newspapers, refused to handle *The Union Record*, whereupon husky longshoremen took over the job and sold faster than the newspaper could be printed. Throughout these vicissitudes, *The Record* refused to be betrayed into any other attitude than that of confidence, tempered by humor. It handled the attitude of the other newspapers and of the United States Attorney with irony but without bitterness. It even quoted Scripture: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

Then, suddenly, it was discovered that the opposition had overplayed its hand. A full-page advertisement, appearing in *The Post-Intelligencer* and later in *The Star*, contained language of such sort against the labor unions and against the Administration for its too temperate and lawful handling of the "reds" that telegrams from unionists to Attorney General Palmer resulted in the refusal of the mails to the issues carrying the advertisement. Later the author of the advertisement was arrested for incitement to riot and murder. When this advertisement first appeared in the "P. I.," the printers called a chapel meeting on the subject, which was attended by representatives of all the other crafts in the mechanical departments. The meeting was held at 10:30 o'clock in the evening, after the first two editions were on the streets, but before the regular home edition was printed. While it was in session the editor removed the advertisement. The meeting, however, appointed a committee to draw up a resolution, which was presented and adopted the following evening, and was printed on the front page. This resolution breaks all precedents in the relation between employees and the policy of a newspaper. I quote only part:

> As members of the several trades unions employed in the production of your paper, we make the following representations:
>
> We have been patient under misrepresentation, faithful in the face of slander, long-suffering under insult; we have upheld our agreements and produced your paper, even though in so doing we were braiding the rope with which you propose to hang us; day after day we have put in type, stereotyped, printed, and mailed calumny after calumny, lie after lie, insult after insult. . . . We have even meekly witnessed your unfair and reprehensible campaign of falsehood and ruin result in the suppression of the last medium of honest expression for our cause in Seattle, not only denying our brothers the means of livelihood, but denying us a far greater boon—the American right of a free press.

There followed paragraphs relating to the advertisement, together with the statement that "there must be a limit to all things," and the resolution concluded that "if your editorial heads must remain blind to the thing they are bringing us to; if you have no more love for our common country than is manifested in your efforts to plunge it into anarchy; then as loyal American citizens—many of us ex-service men—we must, not because we are unionists, but because we are Americans, find means to protect ourselves from the stigma of having aided and abetted your campaign of destruction." No one thing during the week seemed of greater significance than this, in its indication of the growing sense of the responsibility among workers for the work in which they take part and in its promise of soberness and thoughtfulness in the carrying of that responsibility under trying circumstances.

Two days later, after a postponed and somewhat lengthened hearing, the court decided that *The Union Record* was not lawfully held, and the plant was forthwith returned to

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its owners. Charges of sedition against its editors are still unsettled.* Meantime the building had been held out of use for a week, with a loss of well over a thousand dollars daily, and with all the disorganization of business which results in a big daily newspaper when its lists of carriers, advertisers, and employees, and all its equipment are suddenly seized, and its operations suspended, even though it be for only a brief time.

Two campaigns started during the seizure are, however, still going on. One is a campaign for a "Save and Sane Christmas"—to refrain from buying presents in the big stores of the city which help finance the campaign against labor; and to confine Christmas giving to laying in through the coöperatives and the "fair" stores supplies of clothing and food to tide over the unemployment threats of the winter. The other is the "day's pay" campaign, to raise a quarter-million-dollar fund for "a bigger, better *Union Record.*" A new building, new presses, a Saturday magazine, foreign correspondents, and a service which will help in starting a chain of labor papers across the country are in view. The labor movement of Seattle seems to be learning to turn attacks into opportunities.

* An Associated Press dispatch from Seattle, dated December 3, stated that E. B. Ault, editor of *The Union Record;* Anna Louise Strong, the writer of this article; Frank A. Rust, president of the board of directors; and George P. Listman, another member of the board of directors, had been indicted under the amended Espionage act.—Editor of THE NATION.

What We Should Do About Mexico

By JOHN KENNETH TURNER

NEITHER the wickedness of Carranza nor the depravity of the Mexican nation but the policy of Wilson is the key to the Mexican situation. It is a policy, not of non-intervention, but of intervention. Military invasion is the most drastic form of intervention. The Wilson Administration has perpetrated two protracted invasions of Mexico, one lasting seven months and the other eleven months, as well as numerous invasions of shorter duration, each one legally an act of war. It has repeatedly threatened Mexico with force. Every diplomatic representation involving a threat is a form of intervention. Not to speak of aeroplanes, which have strangely flown hundreds of miles over Mexican territory, not once, but many times, American war vessels have been held in Mexican ports for long periods—are being kept in Mexican ports—in violation of international law and over repeated protests of the Mexican Government.

The raid by Villa, the President held, was a violation of American sovereignty; the "punitive expedition," he said, was not a violation of Mexican sovereignty (Speech of acceptance, 1916). He commanded Huerta to salute the flag, but refused Huerta's offer to salute the flag simultaneously with an American salute to the Mexican flag. He declined to enter into a reciprocal agreement with the Mexican Government, already recognized as such, for the crossing of the international line by military forces in pursuit of bandits, insisting that American forces should cross, but that Mexican forces should not cross under similar circumstances. He refused Carranza's request for mediation of the difficulties growing out of the "punitive expedition." In almost innumerable other ways the President has denied to Mexico the "genuine equality," the "unquestioned independence," the "scrupulous respect for sovereignty," so frequently and solemnly promised.

The Wilson policy of serving vested interests has gone so far as to involve a general opposition to Mexican economic reform. The President promised: "Eventually I shall fight every one of these men [foreign capitalists] who are now seeking to exploit Mexico for their own selfish ends. I shall do what I can to keep Mexico from their plundering. There shall be no individual exploitation of Mexico if I can stop it." Yet every item of the revolutionary program displeasing to Wall Street has met with official protests, often of a threatening nature, from him. Although he had diagnosed the cause of Mexican unrest as "a fight for the land," and had endorsed that fight, yet from the beginning down to the present he has offered representations in opposition to the program of land nationalization and distribution which the Mexicans have tried to put into effect, as well as in opposition to all efforts to assume adequate control of mining, oil, and other great industries, to conserve the natural resources, especially in oil, to revoke invalid and oppressive concessions, to effect legal confiscations, to democratize finance, to curb or destroy the monopolies created by the old régime, or adequately to tax or control vested interests anywhere.

If we had not departed from "the accepted practices of neutrality" for eleven months, to assist Huerta against Carranza, preventing the latter from purchasing arms, there would have been no Tampico flag incident and no Vera Cruz occupation. Huerta would have been driven out before the date of the "insult" to the flag. If we had not nursed Villa and then abandoned him, it is improbable that there would have been a Columbus raid. The vengeful rage which was, at least in part, the acknowledged motive for the raid, would have been lacking. If we had held to "the accepted practices of neutrality" from the first, and permitted the unrestricted export of arms and munitions, through the regular channels, to Mexico, as we did to European countries, it is reasonably probable that the most popular Mexican party would long ago have worked out the problem of internal peace, and our most plausible pretext for meddling would now be lacking.

Ever since early in 1913, and down to the present writing, the Government headed by Carranza has begged of the United States the privilege of importing arms, asserting that it was the one thing necessary to put an end to counter-revolution and banditry, and the only thing asked of this country. These appeals have been in vain. There is no virtue in any theory that the lifting of the embargo would tend to increase Mexican disorder. The present Mexican Government rose to power and maintains itself in spite of the embargo handicap. It holds every sea and land port. It is not in the smuggling business, while its enemies are. Were the embargo raised, there is no reason to believe that the bandits would be able to procure any considerable fraction of the arms imported. Our present policy is still a departure from "the accepted practices of neutrality," in favor of bandits and counter-revolutionists. Our "punitive expedition" furnished a strange spectacle of a powerful Government invading the territory of a weaker neighbor to alleviate a condition of lawlessness for which it was itself responsible.

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Having refused Carranza the arms absolutely necessary for the effective policing of the border, we justified our expedition on the ground that Carranza was incapable of effectively policing the border! Why have we had an arms embargo against Mexico almost continuously throughout the Administration of President Wilson? The answer has a thousand times been spread abroad in the interventionist press: "We should only be letting the Mexicans get guns with which to fight us later." In other words, the embargo is a measure in anticipation of war; not defensive war, for that is out of the question, but aggressive war.

Coming down to the situation at the present writing, our interventionist policy has encouraged open and armed defiance of Mexican authority by American property-holders, as well as interventionist propaganda in the United States. In a communication denying that the oil companies seek intervention, published in *The Nation* of July 26, 1919, and signed "The Association of Oil Producers of Mexico," appears the following statement: "The oil companies seek only two things, which are recognition of their legal rights, and adequate protection for their men in the field. In both these contentions they have the support of the Department of State." This seems fairly innocent until one looks a little farther. We find an admission that the oil companies are supporting a rebel army on Mexican soil, and the following assertion is made: "Any money paid to Pelaez for the protection of property and to prevent destruction has been paid . . . with the full knowledge of the Foreign Offices of Great Britain and the United States." It is asserted that the payments to Pelaez began because of threats by Pelaez to destroy property, and the continuation of the payments is defended on the assumption that otherwise Pelaez would destroy property. But another object of the payments appears from these words: " 'King' Pelaez's troops are operating in the oil fields only, far from any railroad, for the reason that the Government is attempting to confiscate their oil values." That is to say, the oil men are employing a bandit army to defy the Mexican Government, as part of a scheme to prevent the application of Mexican laws to the Mexican oil industry. Confirming this well-known fact, Mr. LaGuardia, of New York, in a speech in the House of Representatives, July 10, 1919, said: "I call your attention to this small strip in red. . . . This is under the control of the Pelaez faction. . . . These forces protect the oil industries from being robbed by the Carranza faction. It is supported and paid for by the oil companies."

This armed defiance of the Mexican Government, to which American oil men make confession, is the result of a controversy with the Mexican Government over various purely internal questions, involving the imposition of taxes, the question of prior rights to the products of the sub-soil, and the question of the foreigner's privilege to appeal to his home government for intervention on behalf of what he considers to be his property rights. One of the assertions sent out officially by the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico and widely circulated in the press reads as follows: "No foreign corporation or individual can legally acquire or hold any mines, oil wells, land, or other real property in Mexico unless he renounces his citizenship." This statement, which purports to be based on a clause in Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, is a typical example of interventionist falsehood. The Mexican Constitution does not require any foreigner to renounce his citizenship as a condition of acquiring Mexican property. It requires foreigners only to agree "to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same."

We require the same thing of foreigners in this country, although the requirement is not in the Constitution. The purpose of the clause is to compel aliens to seek the same fountains of justice as citizens; that is, the courts, which are open in Mexico the same as in the United States. A French wine manufacturer of California who feels that his property has been confiscated by the prohibition laws may seek justice in American courts, as any Amercian may do. We do not permit him to continue making wine, while forcing American wine manufacturers out of business. Nor do we permit him to call the French navy to San Francisco harbor, there to train its guns on that port, while the French Foreign Office threatens war on behalf of French wine "rights" in the United States.

From the testimony of Messrs. Doheny, Beaty, and others before the investigating committee of the Senate we learn that the Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico was the outgrowth of a series of meetings held by oil men in New York, as a result of the decree of February 19, 1918. It was this decree that brought out the note of April 2, 1918, in which the Government of the United States called the attention of the Mexican Government "to the necessity which may arise to impel it to protect the property of its citizens in Mexico." In his testimony Mr. Doheny refers to "the dispute between the oil companies and the United States Government, on the one hand, and the Mexican Government, on the other." Other oil men mention the issue in similar terms. Finally (page 267) Mr. Doheny testifies that the oil companies refused to comply with the decree of February 19, 1918, "with the consent and approval, and at the suggestion, of our own State Department." These statements would seem to suggest that the Wilson Administration was the determining factor in the launching of the oil corporations' rebellion against the Mexican Government.

Carranza is not making a serious effort to destroy Pelaez; for the attitude of the Government of the United States justifies a fear that such an effort would result in another invasion "to protect American lives and property." By our threat of force we have not only halted the economic program of the Mexican revolution, but have stopped its military operations against the bandits. American intervention is already here. It holds Carranza in a dilemma where there seems to be no choice except between defensive war and surrender to "the dignity and authority of the United States"—its authority to dictate Mexican oil legislation.

At the end of January, last, a committee representing the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico in general, and the copper and oil interests in particular, sailed for Europe. The Committee was headed by E. L. Doheny. On January 23, just before leaving, Mr. Doheny said in an interview:

> We go to Europe as representatives of five groups of American business men in Mexico, mining, agricultural, and cattle, banking and securities, petroleum and industrial. . . . We merely go to ask a big question. We have hopes that the Peace Conference may see fit to answer it. . . . How far may new governments go in ignoring or confiscating the vested rights of foreign inhabitants and of foreigners in the lands where the new governments are established?

At Paris, Señor Pani, Carranza's Minister to France, was not permitted to present his credentials; nor was he re-

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ceived by the Peace Conference. Instead, we were told that Señor de la Barra "represented Mexico" at the Peace Conference. De la Barra had been a member of the Diaz Government, a Cientifico, an attorney for Wall Street interests, and a capitalist, and had often been mentioned as a favored American choice for President of Mexico. We do not know what Mr. Doheny had to do with this peculiar action. But we do know that, while in Europe, Mr. Doheny and others formed a gigantic merger of British, Dutch, French, and American oil interests. We know that Thomas W. Lamont, a partner of J. P. Morgan and Company, while acting as a Government official at the Peace Conference, participated in the formation not only of the international banking consortium, but also of an international committee of twenty bankers "for the purpose of protecting the holders of securities of the Mexican Republic and of the various railway lines of Mexico, and generally such other enterprises as have their field of action in Mexico"—to quote the words of the announcement issued from the New York office of J. P. Morgan and Company.

We know also that a committee of oil men and bankers held a series of conferences with the State Department in July regarding the Mexican situation and were reported as "gratified with the outcome of the conferences." We know that thereafter the formation of the Mexico International Corporation was announced, a financial merger of all the great Mexican interests—just as the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico is a publicity merger of the same interests; that there was immediately great activity in all kinds of Mexican securities; that reports continually appeared in print, to the effect that an understanding had been reached in Paris looking toward the "clean-up" in Mexico; that within that period the greatest of our interventionist drives was launched.

The sad truth is that the Government of Woodrow Wilson is committed to a policy which must inevitably result, if continued, in one of two things: (1) the acceptance by Mexico, under threat of war, of the authority of the United States to dictate Mexico's internal policies for the benefit of Wall Street; (2) an American war of aggression to impose acceptance of such authority. This policy is not peculiarly a policy of Wilson, or of the Democratic party. It is a policy that has taken hold of the dominant element in both parties. Were a Republican Administration in power, the situation would be much the same; the danger would be as great provided the Republican Administration concealed its real purposes as well, which is unlikely. Attention is directed here to what a Democratic Administration has done because a Democratic Executive still holds the reins—and in the year 1919, of the three Departments of Government, the Executive happens to wield overwhelmingly the decisive power, especially in the choice of foreign policy.

The facts being as they are, the only rational course is to appeal over the head of the Wilson Administration to the American people, to appeal to public opinion to pronounce against the purely imperialistic policy which is being followed with regard to Mexico. Against the terrific forces that are bent upon Mexican aggression, public opinion, unorganized and inarticulate, would have a faint chance indeed were the enterprise a less ambitious one. Were the Mexican "job" as small as the Santo Domingan "job" it would have been well under way long ago. But Mexico is one of the strongest countries ever to be threatened with purely imperialistic conquest. The probable cost in men and money alone is sufficient to cause any but madmen to hesitate. But it appears that Wall Street has gone quite mad with a lust for spoils, and our politicians quite mad with serving Wall Street. To "straighten out" Mexico we should probably have to clap on conscription again, float more bond issues, set again in full swing the vast machinery of "education" and terror to keep the people under control. The practical difficulties in the way of launching the enterprise are such that it is not utopian to hope that public opinion may yet prevent it.

The author, therefore, appeals to public opinion to stand unalterably against further invasions of Mexican rights, under whatever pretext. Intervention is not defensible on any ground. It is bad democracy. For all of us except a handful, it is bad business. It is impossible to exaggerate the probable disaster to both countries. Not only would the Mexican people pay, but the American people would pay —in blood and taxes and higher living costs, in the friendship of our neighbors, in the Constitutional liberties of which peoples are invariably robbed in war-time, in our own character, in all the elements that make for a higher civilization and for world peace.

In the cause of the Mexican "problem" is found its solution. As our meddling has been a decisive factor in creating and prolonging the disorder, and in subjecting Americans to danger, so an opposite policy would tend to produce the opposite result. We must stop threatening Mexico, stop invading Mexico, stop embargoing Mexico, enter into a fair agreement for policing the border, keep a few of our fine promises, make a trial of treating our neighbor as an equal.

The question would remain as to what the Mexican Government would do to the great property interests which we are told are in jeopardy. The Mexican Government has asserted that it does not intend to confiscate them. But suppose it should confiscate them. Then let it confiscate them, provided only it treats Americans and Mexicans alike—which so far it has not failed to do. The interests of the American people are not the interests of the oil corporations in this matter. They are, rather, the interests of the Mexican people. The progress of reform everywhere is marked by the surrender of the privileges of a few in deference to the necessities of the many. Perhaps some Americans would really suffer. But the Americans who are interested in the exploitation of Mexican oil are, for the most part, men with great holdings elsewhere. Were they dispossessed in Mexico, without even a dollar of compensation, they would not forego any luxury; nor would their families starve. There are indeed foreign "rights" in Mexico; but how about the rights of Mexicans? Great public works, serviceable to the Mexican nation, education, improvement, material and moral rehabilitation, await only the necessary funds. Mexico has both the legal and the moral right to tax such funds from the rich holdings in her natural resources. The vested interests of a minority, whether native or foreign, cannot stand against the needs of the great majority. It is more to the interest of the American people that their neighbors should have decent homes, decent wages, public education, and progressive institutions of their own making than that American oil promoters should carry out their schemes. I plead for the right of the Mexican Government, undoubtedly supported in its policies by a majority of Mexicans, struggling toward democracy, honestly seeking to serve the Mexican people, to make such disposition as it sees fit of Mexican oil, regardless of the results to Wall Street.

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The Breakdown of Government

By LINCOLN COLCORD

Washington, December 8

NOTHING in the Fall-Hitchcock visit to the White House in connection with the Mexican trouble has in any way relieved the seriousness of the situation which Washington is facing. The two Senators found the President flat in bed, covered up to the chin, apparently too feeble to move; they testified as to the alertness of his mind, but the atmosphere of the sick room came through their story. Mr. Wilson is removed from public affairs, except as he follows them by scanning the newspapers. He has not been consulted on the Mexican issue. He does not in any way participate in the deliberations of the Administration.

The infinite pity is that this great and pressing public question has been treated on both sides as a personal and partisan matter; but it is the public question which is all-important. From the Fall-Hitchcock interview, it is obvious that the President could not have written the recent message to the Congress; that he did not write it was, of course, apparent at the time to anyone who knew his style and turn of mind. I do not believe he wrote the opening message to the miners five weeks ago, threatening them with the military arm of the Government if they struck. There certainly was no trace of Mr. Wilson in this statement; and in succeeding statements there has been no trace of him. Yet these statements have established governmental policies of first importance, have changed the face of public opinion, have committed the country to an indefensible course—and they have gone out over Woodrow Wilson's name.

If this is not a public scandal, then it would be hard to define the term. The breakdown in the executive branch of government is everywhere apparent. Every Cabinet member is going his own course. A form of government centralized to the highest degree under the development of the past fifty years, and still farther centralized, with respect to the present Administration, through the positively autocratic control which Mr. Wilson has exercised over his Cabinet, is now faced with the necessity of taking action without any directing head. To draw the parallel with a ship under full sail, in the midst of a squall, and minus her helmsman, would hardly be a figure of speech, the comparison is so accurate. And when it comes to the task of changing policies, of turning the course of the ship, the lack of coördination in the Government approaches the disastrous. Ten men are scrambling for the wheel at once, fighting among themselves; one wants to bring the ship to, and another wants to let her fall off. The fatal error of the injunction proceedings against the miners seems to have been committed by common consent. Then, when the case promised a settlement, the Government could do no better than to present a divided front. Secretary Wilson and Mr. Garfield paraded before the conference their contest over authority; one offered the miners a 31 per cent. increase, the other 14 per cent. When the miners refused the lesser figure, there was nothing left but to invoke the power of the police and the military.

The policy adopted in the miners' strike was frankly an answer to the country's excited state of mind, an effort to demonstrate "force" and "sanity" and to win conservative support. Nothing, of course, could be more stupid. No one in the Government looked forward to the actual coal shortage which this policy made inevitable, to the time when the country would be freezing, when industries would be forced to close down, and when train service would have to be curtailed. No one realized the transient and superficial nature of the demand for "force," or foresaw that it would change in the twinkling of an eye to a sentiment of criticism and condemnation under the pressure of human necessity. This change is taking place throughout the country today. Men who were fire-eaters a month ago are beginning to realize that a hideous mistake has been made, that the injunction proceedings are humanly, morally, politically, and historically indefensible. In another month's time the mirage of conservative support which Mr. Palmer saw on the horizon will have vanished, and in its place will have rolled up a very real and threatening storm. Then the Government may be expected still farther to confuse the situation, in the attempt to extricate itself.

So much for the executive branch of government. When we turn to Congress, the breakdown is none the less serious. The Senate seems utterly exhausted by the effort of the past six months to solve the treaty puzzle; what might be called the "treaty psychology" has become an obsession, so that it has become impossible for most Senators to take interest in any other problem, to acquire the facts of any other situation, or to think in any other terms. The Senate finds, wherever it looks, other problems, bristling with danger, demanding immediate attention—but relatively unfamiliar. Hence it hugs the treaty issue even tighter, resolved to stay as long as possible on safe ground. With the Cummins railroad bill before the Senate for three days during the past week, there have been on an average five Senators on the floor; the other ninety-one have been occupied in cloak rooms and committee rooms, holding caucuses on their attitude towards the League of Nations, discussing the President's health and the state of the Administration, agitating the question of war with Mexico, and generally talking politics. One day, with only a handful of Senators on the floor, the Sterling bill for a peace-time espionage law, an act which would rob the nation of the last shadow of freedom of speech, was nearly passed, and nothing but the quick work of Senator Borah held it over for future debate.

In this atmosphere of listlessness and timidity prejudice thrives and constructive legislative activity languishes. A veritable hatred of labor pervades the heart and embitters the speech of Congress. Men who refuse to investigate, refuse to listen, and refuse to consider, bow hastily to popular clamor, subscribe to ill-advised policies, take wrong action, and turn blindly and brutally to the military power as a corrective for their own errors. "By God, we shall see who is the Government in this country! Let the troops go in and straighten this thing out! Deport the damned Bolsheviki!" So runs the sentiment; and no possible argument could show such men that they themselves are practicing the dictatorship of the minority.

Behind this menacing attitude lies "politics" again, the same "politics" which has driven mad the executive branch of government. The leaders of both of the old political parties have definitely decided that the bid for the next elections must be based on a capitalization of the anti-radical mania, of the upper-class sentiment that just now is making

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itself so violently and vociferously manifest in the press. This decision precludes the development of a constructive program by either of the established political parties in 1920. The fear of being thought "radical" lies heavy on the heart of Congress; it swallows all other fears, dominates the mind and the imagination, scares men o' nights; and few are brave enough and hardy enough to stand their ground, see straight, talk common sense, and look forward with faith to a more healthy time. The parties are vying with each other to see which shall shout the louder for "law and order," which shall use the more "force," and which shall demonstrate the more unreasoning spirit of militarism. Only a handful see where these events are leading.

If the Congress were made up of men who touched the life currents of the nation, it is plain that much which is being done in the legislative branch of government today would be left undone, and that much which is being left undone would immediately be undertaken with the haste and ardor of desperation. But the breakdown of the legislative branch has come about precisely because it no longer is representative of the country's vital forces. When some one labelled the Congress "a soviet of lawyers," he struck a true phrase. These men do not deny that the country hangs on the brink of an abyss, yet they are not disposed to take constructive action; they are willing to lay it all to the "reds," and trust to force a while longer. Labor and the powerful economic organizations of our society have practically no representation in the Government. It is a government of, by, and for a class—the upper class, the possessing class—and the present situation in Washington gives overwhelming proof of it. It is a government of, by, and for the old economic order, and no modification of that economic order will be permitted, under threat of the machine gun; this at a time when nothing but a modification of the old economic order will save the country from ultimate revolution.

These are facts to be faced, and it will save nothing and prove nothing to dodge them. The problem is to make government representative, to incorporate in it the economic forces which motivate the life of present-day society—that is, if our present form of government is to endure. The task which the present Congress faces is too great for it. None of the men in the halls of Congress were elected for that purpose, were sent up with such a program in mind. They do not comprehend it. They are servants of the old order, sent up to protect the economic *status quo*. They literally are bewildered. Quite naturally, they shout for the police, and pass the burden on.

I was talking about it the other day with a prominent Senator, one of the handful who understand. "It looks to me like a complete breakdown of our constitutional government," I said. "Absolutely," was his answer. "Yet don't believe for a moment that the whole country is as unbalanced as this crowd. [He waved a hand toward the Capitol.] My faith in the country remains as firm as ever. This Congress represents about five per cent. of the people. Here you have nothing but a vast majority representing a small minority, from the economic point of view." "That is the great danger," I said. "Just as in England today, the minority possesses all the governmental power." "And in both countries they're making revolution as fast as God will let them!" he exclaimed. "But give the ninety-five per cent. the information, and they'll attend to it. If they want changes, they must have them. The government is really in their hands."

Evolution in Transportation

By CHARLES J. FINGER

IN 1912 I was employed by a Wall Street concern to give an opinion on the merits of certain self-propelled cars. A St. Louis bank that had railroad interests required similar information. What was needed was a cheaply operated motive power that could handle car-load freight in limited amounts, together with passengers, as a single unit. In the first case, the requirement was for a copper-mine road in Chili; and in the second, for a short line in this country. There were eight different experiments in self-propelled cars on the market, all of which were designed for use on rails; but none of them filled the special requirements of the road by which I was employed—mainly because of errors in the road's construction. It was shown very conclusively, nevertheless, in the investigation that one type of gasoline self-propelled car not only was serviceable in the hauling of freight in car loads, as well as passengers, but was actually operated at a movement cost of thirty-two per cent. less than a locomotive performing similar service. Moreover, a great reduction of wear and tear on the tracks was possible, if for no other reason than that in a single unit there would be a wheel wear in the case of the car of eight as against twenty-six in the case of the locomotive. Comparative statistics showed the gasoline car to be eminently practical for use on short steam lines, or on runs up to a hundred miles, where the volume of traffic did not justify a regular train.

The result of the investigation clearly demonstrated the correctness of the theory advanced by Henry Villard, when president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, that a system of self-operating units of this type would be necessary to solve the vexed rate question by giving superior service at a reduced cost. There were other self-propelled cars adapted for short freight-train service, but the cost of operation, repairs, and up-keep was greater on account of their more intricate machinery. They were of the gasoline electric type. The Frisco experimented with this type of car. The third successful type of self-propelled car was of simple construction and of use solely for passenger travel. This was operated by storage battery, and like the first type of car is still in use where freight carriage is in less than car-load lots. The necessarily short run of this type of car precluded its use on other than short interurban lines, but the Pennsylvania Railroad found it highly serviceable when thus used.

As the work I was engaged upon became known to owners and operating men with small roads, from all parts of the country came requests for the results of my investigations. It seemed that short steam roads were everywhere on the verge of failing. Many electric lines, too, became interested, at times expressing a readiness to purchase the right kind of car, and to pay the cost by scrapping the electric transmission line and powerhouses. Visiting many of these roads, I found them in a deplorable condition, both physically and financially, and yet, as subsequent findings showed, the average length of their operating life had not been more than ten years. On some of these unfortunate properties individual owners were not only meeting the deficits on operation by cash out of hand, but in many cases were meeting bond interest as it came due, their only security being notes unsupported by collateral. On other roads no bond interest had ever been paid. As far as physical integrity of the

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properties was concerned, the danger point had long since been reached. In some cases roads were unable to receive car-load shipments from connecting roads by reason of their failure to maintain their bridges and trestles. The labefaction gradually spread until it touched larger roads. Almost two hundred and fifty short roads in the country were losing from $200 to $1,000 each month, and the condition was gradually growing worse.

Then came the war. For a time the owners of short railroads were hopeful that it would prove to be the ill wind that blew them good; for when the plan of government operation was first noised about it was thought that all roads would pass under Federal control. The blow came when it was learned that the war measure applied only to certain lines necessary for the prosecution of the war, and neither to short lines as a rule nor to electric lines. The finishing stroke came when, with more scientific routing of freight under Federal conrol, small roads that had been thankful for the half loaf doled out to them by friendly general freight agents found themselves breadless. Then, again, the automobile as a means of transportation was rapidly finding favor. Its superior mobility appealed to farming communities. Small towns shipped their produce in auto trucks. By the same means groceries were delivered at farmers' doors. Worried general managers, with attendant general freight agents, flew to State commissions and, after tedious "hearings," succeeded in gaining rate increases, but the victory only exacerbated the trouble.

Then for the first time in the history of railroading in this country State commissions were appealed to for leave to abandon service. The first line to make such application was a small steam road in Ohio, the Ohio River and Columbus. After a series of law suits, it was dismantled and the material was used in the building of cantonments. Other roads promptly followed suit, and at the time of writing no less than ten roads in that State have suspended operation. Indiana, Illinois, New York, and Pennsylvania have each their list of scrapped roads. Each week sees other roads going, or preparing to go the same way. Yet news of this abandonment and scrapping of small roads has hardly reached the public ear, and even today one hears men express the fatuous opinion that a railroad cannot cease operation or be abandoned.

The question that confronts anyone studying the railroad problem is this: will the ultimate outcome of the railroad trouble be the abandonment of some of the large roads? Personally I think it will. By an illusion as to the true destination of the greater part of the money that is called "deficit under government ownership," people have come to regard Federal control, or rather ownership, as a failure. It has not been clearly set forth that by far the major part of the sum that frightens us has been spent in maintenance work that was left undone for lack of means by managers under private ownership. The fact has not been grasped by the public that during the period between the time we entered the war and now there has been accomplished a wonderful amount of what is known as additions and betterments, that thousands of miles of track have been re-tied, that hundreds of weak bridges and trestles have been rebuilt, that sadly underpaid men have had fair wages given them. The public realizes only that a big amount of money has been expended and that the wages of the railroad employees have been raised.

There has grown up, then, a widespread belief that the roads must return to private ownership. Without knowledge of the facts—indeed, in opposition to them—the Government is set down as a bad administrator. On the other hand, the original owners, that is of roads that have been included in government ownership, knowing that public money expended on the roads has inured to their benefit, are very active in calling for an early return of the properties. But, cognizant of the fact that statistics show very positively that under private ownership the present ratio of wages cannot be maintained with the present rate of taxation and of bond interest, the spokesman of the old owners in the person of Mr. Willard, in the first of his five suggestions, asked Congress to provide a definite rule for rate ratio of railway operating income to the combined property investment account of the railroads as a whole. This means no more than a free hand in rate making. Then, again, he asked Congress to authorize the railroads affirmatively to combine their properties and operations, subject to government approval, when such action is shown to be desirable in the public interest.

Remembering what has happened to the weak roads, consider the larger roads returned to the original owners on this plan. With increased rates, both passenger and freight, people will continue to turn more and more to the automobile for travel. There will be a wonderful development of the automobile industry. Transportation companies, well organized and carefully planned, will operate on the public highways, and these companies, freed from maintenance of way expense, will be a success, until in the course of time a new system of taxation will impose upon them a just share of the highway repair cost. In a recent article in *The Implement and Tractor Trade Journal* (Kansas City) it is pointed out that the sale of trailers for motor trucks is increasing at the rate of from fifty to one hundred per cent. per year. It is estimated that there are now 600,000 motor trucks in service and there is a great demand from farmers for trailers averaging 3,000 pounds capacity. That efficient highway transportation will kill many interurban lines in the near future is not to be doubted. I have learned of more than two dozen roads that anticipate application to State railroad bodies for leave to suspend operation.

With reduced freights, railroads that now look safe will find their tonnage decreased, their revenues depleted, their maintenance impaired. What then? As railroads under the Willard proposal would be legally authorized to combine, there would follow an abandonment of many competing and feeding lines, for the right to combine would necessarily imply also the right to abandon properties. Presently the survivors would be those with long, transcontinental hauls, with side lines touching important industries, coal mines, smelters, and the like, and subsidiary smaller branches operated with self-propelled gasoline cars on the Villard plan. The highly paid wage earners on the railroads would gradually disappear, as the $600 a month pilots on the Mississippi River disappeared, when freight left the river for the rail. Industries allied to the railroads, an army of ticket sellers, of car repairers, and of mechanics, would gradually be absorbed into other channels just as farriers and stage-coach drivers and hostlers and inn-keepers were absorbed when railroads put the turnpike people out of business. This is a forecast of what will probably happen in coming years under the conditions supposed; it is not so much the prophecy of one single individual as a composite of the opinion of practical men in the railroad world.

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The Dark

By RUTH E. HENDERSON

ONCE did the Sun arise, long hours ago,
And early set; and ever since, the night
Has dragged itself interminably slow,
Darker for the memory of light;
For like the echoes of an evening song
Memory of His shining lingers long.

Ever since, men sleep a troubled sleep,
Tossing wearily, with broken cries
Of fevered restlessness; or waking, weep
Because the night is dark, and close their eyes
Affrighted, as a cowering child who clings
To sleep, in terror of the lowering skies,
Not quite remembering that the Sun will rise
With healing in His wings.

Correspondence

Henry Laurence Gantt

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A strange fatality seems to pursue the servants of America in the economic field, at a time when their service is perhaps the country's most fundamental need. A few weeks ago Walter Weyl died suddenly in the prime of his life and activity. Now the work of Henry Laurence Gantt, a work of supreme importance, approaching its greatest usefulness, has been arrested by the death of the brave and clear-sighted man who was its main inspiration. Among the group of industrial engineers who had advanced from the frankly capitalistic philosophy of Taylor to a position of broader social outlook, he was known as the creator of new and fundamental methods. He realized that to develop rigid systems of efficiency in industry dedicated to the increase of private profits is to build upon a fallacy; that efficiency is not simply a mechanical problem, but a problem in human psychology; and that American industry labors as much under the inefficiency of management as under the inefficiency of the workers. He brought to every problem a warm human interest, a straightforward and practical common sense, which cut through the haze of dogma and platitude and immediately reached the heart of the matter.

Mr. Gantt had developed a simple and elementary system of progress charting, by means of which, in any industry or enterprise, it could be seen at a glance who was working and who was not working, from the management down to the humblest laborer; what machinery was productive and what machinery was idle; and, above all, the reasons for idleness and non-productivity. "If not, why not?" was what he always tried to find out. The query led him to the very basis of our industrial structure, to the question of cost accounting, to the question of profitable idleness under the existing system, to the question of charging all the overhead against production, and the like. Wherever his methods have been adopted they have demonstrated their unique force and usefulness. In the conduct of a great silk mill, or in the allocation of ships under the Shipping Board during the war, they have served a common purpose: the assembling of facts against men and operations so that these facts will of themselves manage the enterprise. "Facts are the soul of democracy," Mr. Gantt was fond of saying. "There is too much voting on the basis of opinion. You can't vote intelligently unless you have the facts. Industry is just as inefficient as government. It is largely run on a basis of opinion. But if you have the facts, you must vote according to them—unless you are a rascal. Facts are the truth—and the truth shall set us free."

In "Organizing for Work," a compact book published this fall by Harcourt, Brace and Howe, Mr. Gantt put down the tenets of his philosophy and the details of his method. He was also the author of other volumes, notably "Work, Wages, and Profits" and "Industrial Leadership." His work extended into many industrial plants and avenues of business, and engaged the services of an able corps of lieutenants, all of whom had acquired the virtue of simple and straightforward thinking which emanated from this master-mind. It is cheering to know that the group will keep together, and that the work will go on.

Washington, December 7 LINCOLN COLCORD.

Andreae's "Christianopolis" in England

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to add a few statements to my recent article on Johann Valentin Andreae's "Christianopolis," which through a misunderstanding were not included in the article itself. Professor Held, the translator and editor of the book, in a valuable investigation of its literary affiliations, points out the striking affinity between Andreae's insistence upon the natural sciences as the most important of all studies and Francis Bacon's advocacy of the experimental method. He makes it probable that Bacon's "New Atlantis," written about four years after the appearance of "Christianopolis," was to no small degree indebted to the latter; that in particular the "College of Six Days' Work," which plays such an important part in Bacon's scheme of reform, was adapted from the "Collegium" of Andreae's book as well as from suggestions scattered through his other writings. And he shows unmistakable traces of Andreae's influence among a group of prominent men in England, such as Comenius, Samuel Hartlib, John Dury, whose efforts for the formation of a society for educational reform and scientific research may be called the starting point of a movement which in 1662 led to the founding of the Royal Society.

Thus, then, while the ideal city of the worthy Württemberg pastor seems to have made hardly any impression upon public opinion in his own country, distracted and degraded as it was by the Thirty Years' War, the book has at least beyond the German boundaries helped to bring to maturity what was finally to be the result of the blind and furious struggles of the author's own time: the age of reason and enlightenment.

Gilbertsville, N. Y., October 10 KUNO FRANCKE

Mexican Appreciation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Mexican I want to thank you for the splendid service you are rendering to the Mexican people in exposing the conspiracy to start war between this country and the United States. Your reputation as the leading liberal political journal of America, already firmly established, has been greatly enhanced by your fearless and vigorous policy regarding Mexico. I, for one, am deeply grateful and I know that thousands of others feel the same way.

The Mexican press generally has fought intervention as strongly as possible, but, of course, practically all of our publications are printed in Spanish. *Gale's Magazine* is the only magazine in the country published entirely in English, and it has published many brilliant articles against intervention. *El Heraldo de Mexico* and a few other papers have had sufficient courage to express themselves frankly, but these are all. Of course, what counts most is editorial opinion in the United States, not editorial opinion down here. For this reason *The Nation* stands first in the esteem of those Mexicans who read English publications.

Mexico City, October 7 E. H. RODRIGUEZ

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Drama

The Jewish Art Theatre

IN its ideals and intentions this is, quite easily, the noblest theatrical enterprise now existing among us. It stands aloof from all the pressure of commerce and popularity; it has an audience that will respond to high passion and grasp the force of tragic events; it has as its director Emanuel Reicher, one of the great actors of our time, the original creator of many of the chief rôles in the works of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Schnitzler. All these inestimable advantages, coupled with the difficulty of the theatre's linguistic medium, made the reviews in the daily press a little breathless, and the new theatre may be said, so far, not to have been criticized at all.

The theatre opened its season with "The Idle Inn" ("Die Puste Kretchme") by Peretz Hirschbein. The play seeks to transport us to a land of the most extraordinary emotional remoteness. There can, of course, be no question of Mr. Hirschbein's intimacy with his people and his theme. But to the participators in the traditions of Western civilization, including Western Jewry, these gross and violent folk superstitions seem merely monstrous curiosities. However accidentally true to this or that forgotten and benighted community in Russia, they must still have struck any careful observer as unfaithful to the broader as well as to the deeper characteristics of the Jewish folk. The harshly brilliant color and movement of the wedding feast in the second act served to heighten the impression both of a remoteness from the Jew of actual Western experience and of an infusion into the whole plan of a wildly and almost savagely Slavic element. One did not know, in plain English, where one was at. And it is worth repeating that Mr. Hirschbein's fidelity to the facts does not meet this criticism at all. For the eerie spiritual confusions of the play were less troublesome to the sheer outsider than to those moderately well acquainted with Jewish habits of thought and speech.

The presentation of this play at once revealed very fully the new theatre's characteristic and, it would seem, permanent qualities. Naturalistic Jewish parts, whether grave or humorous, are done with a skill and completeness rare among us. Nothing could have been better of its kind—and it is by far the most important kind in any modern theatre—than the Ch'yenne of Binah Abromowitz or the grandfather of Gershon Rubin. The group scenes are incomparably good. Mr. Reicher has known how to give these the very rhythm of life interpreting itself through the art of the theatre. No other stage director, of course, commands such material. Compare the blank little supers of Broadway with these spontaneously tragic and comic masks which the ages themselves seem to have modelled. The emotional acting, however, is, making every just allowance for the vivid and impassioned expressiveness of the Jewish nature, ignobly loud and violent and heated. Such hard excesses of speech and gesture blur the image of the passion that is to be communicated to us. Noise and fury are interposed between it and ourselves, and our final reaction is one either of detachment or of irritation. We do not question the talent of Miss Celia Adler. But her present methods obliterate the lineaments of both nature and art.

If the selection of the first play was not quite wise, that of the second was a clear mistake—a very natural and pardonable mistake, to be sure. Mr. Reicher desired to transfer to the only stage now at his command the great works of the remarkable men with whom his artistic career has been so closely associated. It was a mistake, none the less. The play, Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives" ("Einsame Menschen"), is, with all its broad realism of speech, one of infinite spiritual delicacy and reserve. The people in it are deeply troubled, their hearts are insupportably wounded. Johannes Vockerat himself is nervous and distracted. But they keep at all moments a degree of inner silence and an ultimate

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inviolableness of the soul. That is why Anna Mahr flees and why Johannes goes to his death. These brooding dwellers under a pallid and windy sky throb, but they do not flare. Hence the performance at the Jewish Art Theatre was, from the first, a succession of cruelly false notes. It had talent, skill, sincerity, intelligence. It made one shiver with vicarious hurt for Hauptmann's people and vicarious shame for the actors. This unhappy impression culminated in Miss Adler's acting of Käthe Vockerat. Käthe is Ophelia; she is Gretchen; she is the sweet blond soul of the North—the clear-eyed, gentle, chaste, half-silent ideal of all the Germanic poets, the "eternal-womanly" of devotion, quietude, and spiritual peace. Her very protest is dovelike. In another age she was Desdemona and Käthchen von Heilbronn, and her husband is still her dear lord. Miss Adler makes her petulant, hysterical, and shrewish. This particular Käthe would have given short shrift to Anna Mahr and to her husband's divided soul. She would have got down to brass tacks and cleared the house. And this Johannes Vockerat would not have suffered and half resigned himself and died. He would have run off with Anna Mahr, Käthe or no Käthe, and the old Vockerats, in this embodiment, would have dismissed the erring pair with curses and ululations. Mr. Jechiel Goldsmith, as Braun, was quite alone in his evident sensitiveness to the spiritual temper of the play.

The theatre's third selection was, fortunately, an admirable one. David Pinski's "The Dumb Messiah" ("Der Stummer Meschiach") is a nobly imaginative play in which the historical fate and the historical inner conflict of the Jewish people are set forth in an action that has the gravest beauty of aspect and the profoundest truth of spirit. It is the year 1306. The Jews have been expelled from the kingdom of Illyria. The high-souled Penini, whose tongue the cruel Illyrians have severed in prison, counsels his people to wander forth and seek the holy land. Suddenly the old king dies. The new king invites the Jews to return. The graves of their fathers call them back, the pathetic and futile love they have always borne their step-motherlands, their abandoned possessions. Penini alone knows the deep delusion of their new hopes. Through the mouth of his heroic daughter Rachel he still urges them to become pilgrims to their own land. A Messianic dream torments him. Uncertain of himself, he prays for a sign from God. Suddenly a woman whom the expulsion has stricken mad and dumb speaks! Is it the miracle he seeks? No, it is only a stupid jest of the inscrutable forces. For the woman kneels not before Penini, but before a poor blind man, and proclaims him the Messiah. Penini, robbed of faith in himself, his people, and his God, leaps into the sea.

The performance of this play is superb. Mr. Reicher as the dumb Messiah has the tragic dignity of a figure whose woe transcends all personal passion. Mrs. Henrietta Schnitzer, as Rachel the Messiah's daughter, shares the nobility of that racial and super-personal passion, and translates it into beautiful measured speech and into the plastic poses of a prophetess who has not ceased to be a woman. Gershon Rubin as the Blind Man and Sam Adler as the Beggar are figures in which the humblest folk characteristics are blended with elements that are permanently and universally human. The group-scenes are worthy of the closest study by our actors and stage directors. At the right hand of the spectator, for instance, stands Jechiel Goldsmith as Avigdor de Korbeile. Beside him sits Anna Appel in the part of his wife, the woman whom the expulsion has maddened and bereft of speech. The parts of both are almost silent and almost static. Their slow gestures and limited movement and facial expression illustrate the more marvellous possibilities of the actor's art. A text-book for young actors, were there such a thing, should have pictures of Mrs. Appel's expression through every moment of the last act. By virtue of this single production the Jewish Art Theatre should delight and deeply instruct all to whom the stage is the home of an intenser, a clearer, and a heightened vision of life. L. L.

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International Relations Section

Contents

THE POLITICAL STATUS OF CANADA. By J. A. Stevenson..... 749
RECONCILABLE IRELAND. By Ernest A. Boyd..... 751
DOCUMENTS: Article Twenty-Seven 752
FOREIGN PRESS: Ireland: the Call for a Settlement..... 754

The Political Status of Canada

By J. A. STEVENSON

THE political outlook and the status of the Canadian people are obviously the subject of considerable misunderstanding in various quarters, ranging from the American Senate to several leading British newspapers, and it may not be inopportune at this time to attempt an analysis of the existing situation. Before the war only two classes of people, each limited in number, had any searchings of heart over the constitutional position of the Dominion. The advocates of Imperial federation urged that the people of Canada and the other Dominions had no real control over the most vital of all interests, foreign policy and the issues of peace and war, and they skilfully dangled the bait of making good this deficiency by the establishment of an Imperial Parliament. On the other hand the Canadian Nationalists made use of exactly the same contention for a different purpose, to demand a more complete autonomy and the assumption of control of all departments of policy not yet acquired by the Ottawa Government. There was evidence that a centralized Imperial Parliament found little favor in Canada, but few people had faced or thought out the idea of an alternative polity.

The war emphasized the common contention of both schools of thought. The Canadian people found themselves committed by the acts of British statesmen over whom they had absolutely no control to a struggle which was to cost them 60,000 precious lives and endless money. Inevitably the weakness and unsatisfactory nature of their position was driven home to intelligent Canadians, and there was considerable discussion of the situation in the press. The *Toronto Globe* took the position that "the next step necessary to the complete fulfilment of Canadian constitutional destiny will be made possible at some convenient period not very far off—namely, the acceptance of the view that the Canadian Parliament is the organ of a sovereign people instead of being, as it now technically and in some respects actually is, the repository of delegated and limited powers."

During the war Canadian Ministers met with members of the British Government in consultation over war problems, and there were whole months when either Sir Robert Borden or one of his colleagues, as well as Mr. Hughes of Australia, was in constant conference with committees of the British Cabinet. Later on, General Smuts took up permanent residence in London and was admitted to the War Cabinet. The term Imperial War Cabinet was conveniently coined, and it was commonly described as a "Cabinet of Cabinets." In reality this is a misnomer, as these meetings of British Ministers and the Ministers of Great Britain's overseas possessions were actually conferences of representatives of Cabinets. Sir Robert Borden, however, adopted the new terminology as well as the idea, and declared that the formation of the "Cabinet of Cabinets" marked an important advance in Imperial constitutional relations. On the other hand, both at the Imperial Conference of 1916 and in a subsequent speech in the Canadian House of Commons, he deliberately rejected the idea of Imperial federation, which he asserted was "neither wise nor feasible." He also claimed credit for the abolition of the old practice of carrying on correspondence between the British and Canadian Governments by a circuitous route through the offices of the Canadian Governor General and the Colonial Secretary and for the substitution of direct communication. This change, coupled with the establishment of the Imperial War Cabinet, was hailed by the Government press organs in Canada as the culmination of the Dominion's nationhood. But a closer examination of the implications of these developments resulted in a certain amount of criticism. Mr. J. S. Ewart, K. C., of Ottawa, the author of the "Kingdom Papers" and the leading constitutional authority in Canada, declared that the new organ of government emasculated the country's dearly won autonomy and was obviously designed to strengthen the Imperial at the expense of the National ideal. If the Imperial War Cabinet became a permanent organization, there was established a system which would permit by social attentions and other devices the steady application to Canada of policies suitable for British interests alone. His contentions found support in a variety of quarters and there was no sign of any widespread enthusiasm for the Imperial War Cabinet idea. But great pains were taken to assure the country that Canada was not playing the part of a vassal of Great Britain and that its Ministers were fully consulted upon every question which concerned its interests.

From the very beginning of the peace negotiations there was on several points a vital divergence of views between the British and the Canadian representatives. The Canadians discovered that the real governance of the British Commonwealth remains to an amazing degree in the hands of the permanent officials, and the British Foreign Office made no secret of their belief in their own capacity to look after the interests of Canada without the assistance of the Canadian Premier and his colleagues. The Canadians, on the other hand, developed an acute distaste for the red tape and stupid obstructions which characterized many of the proceedings of the British diplomats, and Sir Robert Borden at a later date indulged in some very outspoken criticism of their delays and obfuscations.

Certain Republican Senators at Washington believe they have detected a crafty design on the part of Great Britain in securing for the Dominions separate votes in the League of Nations. In point of fact, however, as far as the statesmen and diplomats of Great Britain were concerned, there was no original intention to secure larger representation at the Peace Conference or in the League than that possessed by any other state. It was only as the result of strong representations by the Dominions themselves that they secured admission. Last session there was tabled in the Canadian House a most illuminating correspondence dealing with this very question. It appears that the British Cabinet had never considered the problem of the special representation of the Dominions until in October, 1918, Sir Robert Borden cabled the following message to Mr. Lloyd George:

"There is need of serious consideration as to the repre-

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sentation of the Dominions in the peace negotiations. The people and press of this country take it for granted that Canada will be represented at the Peace Conference. I appreciate the possible difficulties, but I hope that you keep in mind that certainly a very unfortunate impression would be created and possibly a dangerous feeling may be aroused if these difficulties are not overcome by some solution which will meet the national spirit of the Canadian people."

Mr. Lloyd George admitted the importance of this suggestion and in response to his invitation the Canadian Premier and three other Cabinet Ministers started for London. In concert with General Smuts and other Dominion delegates, he pressed the case for separate representation at the Peace Conference. Objections were offered, and cabled messages to Canada suggested that the chief obstructionist was Mr. Lansing. But it now transpires that opposition had developed nearer home. In the course of the debate on the treaty at Ottawa in September, Mr. Arthur Sifton, one of the Canadian delegates to the Conference, categorically stated that separate representation had been secured for Canada and the other Dominions in face of the opposition of "the most conservative representative of the British Government and the representative of the most conservative people in Great Britain." Whether this meant more than one person and who that person was is uncertain, but it was probably Mr. Balfour or Lord Curzon and possibly both. The British official attitude obviously was that the British Commonwealth should participate in the Peace Conference and enter the League as a unit and that the Dominions would be consulted privately on any matters in which they might be particularly interested. There were clear forebodings that separate admission to the Peace Conference implied as an inevitable corollary separate representation in the League of Nations and this development was what the Milner school of Imperialists dreaded and were anxious to thwart. But Generals Botha and Smuts reinforced the Canadian demands, and Mr. Lloyd George, rather than antagonize the Dominion delegates, persuaded both his own entourage and Mr. Wilson that the British Dominions were entitled to separate representation as minor nations.

Sir Robert Borden did not play any meteoric part at Paris, but on one or two occasions he intervened with effect. The British delegation raised some objection to the appointment of a Canadian representative to the board which will supervise the labor convention, but were forced to waive it. Sir Robert Borden and his colleagues retorted with a strong memorandum of protest against the famous Article X in which they took exception first to the idea of committing every nation in the League to participation in every other nation's quarrels, and second to the offhand guarantee of all the territorial adjustments made at Paris. Mr. Doherty, the Canadian Minister of Justice, filed a separate memorandum on his own account suggesting that the fabric of the League might be strengthened by the creation of a world parliament of delegates from the parliaments of each member. The Canadians contented themselves with these steps, and Mr. Doherty and Mr. Sifton attached their signatures to the peace treaty on behalf of Canada, Sir Robert having left Paris.

Great parade was at once made by the Government press of Canada of the fact that Canada had at last fulfilled its destiny and taken its rightful place as an independent unit in the family of nations. But when Mr. Doherty asserted that "Canada is a nation in the same sense as Belgium or Italy or the United States of America is a nation," and Mr. Rowell in the debate on the peace treaty made a great point of "the formal recognition of Canada's national status," it was obvious that some education in constitutional realities was needed at Ottawa. International law has never taken cognizance of nationhood. In its eyes there are only two kinds of states: sovereignties (monarchies or republics) and dependencies (colonies, protectorates, etc.). The government of a sovereign state has absolute and unlimited control over all matters external and internal. Only sovereign states send and receive diplomatic representatives. There has so far been no improvement upon Lincoln's definition of a sovereign state as "a political community without a political superior." To this definition Canada fails to conform, for in strict political theory it is a subordinate community whose powers are delegated and limited by the British Parliament according to the terms of the British North America Act of 1867. Although theoretically subject to Great Britain, Canada has for some years assumed save in the matter of foreign affairs all the prerogatives of an independent nation. Even in that exception it had assumed certain rights; for its own plenipotentiaries negotiated the reciprocity treaty in 1911 as well as an earlier commercial treaty with France. But the fact remains that Canada was not a party to the Treaty of Versailles, which according to the preamble was made by five "Principal and Associated Powers," the United States, France, Italy, Japan, and the British Empire, and twenty-two other Powers among whom Canada was not included. Therefore the nationalist school in Canada regard the affixing of Canada's signature to the treaty as merely an honorary function. Lord Milner, now Colonial Secretary in Britain, took the same view, for the correspondence tabled last session and above referred to shows that he thought the ratification of the Canadian Parliament quite superfluous. Sir Robert Borden insisted that the Canadian Parliament was entitled to as much deference as the British, and summoned a special session to ratify the pact. The debate revealed a general desire that the question of the country's status should be clarified. Mr. A. R. McMaster, one of the younger Liberals, was the only man, however, who ventured to suggest specific steps. He demanded changes which would permit Canada to have its own diplomatic representatives abroad, allow the Canadian Cabinet to nominate the Governor General, and abolish legal appeals to the Imperial Privy Council. With the first proposal the Borden Government are in complete agreement; they have announced their intention of maintaining a permanent Canadian representative at Washington.

The fact is that while Canada is not technically a sovereign state it is gradually assuming all the characteristics of a sovereign state. The powers that be in Great Britain probably planned the recent tour of the Prince of Wales, who achieved genuine popularity by his boyish freshness and democratic camaraderie, to counteract these ominous tendencies. In his speeches, however, he refrained from any high-flown Imperialist sentiments and often asserted that Canada was an equal in the Commonwealth family of nations. Within the next year an Imperial Conference is to be held for discussion of the future constitution of the British Commonwealth. The Imperialists will probably make a last effort for a centralized Parliament, but such an effort will certainly fail. They should remember what every mother knows, that once a maiden has put her hair up, it is a hard task to induce her to take it down.

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Reconcilable Ireland

By ERNEST A. BOYD

THERE is, no doubt, a large and responsible section of American opinion which views the tangled Anglo-Irish problem sympathetically, but despairs of a solution owing to the obviously incompatible demands of irreconcilables. On the one side is Ulster, echoing the slogans of a tribal superstition; on the other, Sinn Fein, pointing to its seventy-five per cent. majority at the last general election and to the logical consequences of that triumph. Since Mr. Carson recoils violently from the mildest Home Rule proposals, and Mr. de Valera denounces every measure short of absolute autonomy, the benevolent outsider may be pardoned a certain impatience with the whole question. Of course, if men were governed by logic, and if the noblest idealism were practical politics, we should probably see an altruistic League of Nations urging a settlement which would secure the triumph of virtue and justice. But, without passing judgment upon that all-too-human assembly, let us admit that compromise or abandonment are the usual alternatives with which the politician is faced.

It has always been the strong appeal of the Sinn Feiner, as against the "constitutional" Nationalist, that Ireland was not a domestic problem of England's, but an international problem—of America's, it now appears, since no European nation is in the least disturbed by the accustomed behavior of John Bull. Germany and Russia are preoccupied with their own appalling difficulties, the neutral countries have acquired a profound respect for the nation that controls coal and the seas, and the Italian and French efforts at being indignant are likewise modified by national considerations. Indeed, it would be difficult for any Power to persuade its neighbors to take it seriously in the rôle of a disinterested champion of oppressed nationalities. There are so many glass houses in Europe that the pleasure of throwing stones is kept within decorous limits. America is not yet classed amongst the unregenerate, in spite of the disillusionment of President Wilson's critics.

It is for this reason that Sinn Fein, forsaking its early reliance upon the Peace Conference, has turned its attention to the American public. Doubtless there is a subtle compliment in this attitude, for, at bottom, it can mean only one thing: that America is guided by logic, and is consequently determined that the purest justice shall prevail. It would be unbecoming for a foreigner—and an Irishman—to inject any scepticism into so complimentary a demonstration of faith. Yet it is not altogether inconceivable that there are Americans who, though interested in an Irish settlement, are touched with the common human weakness for the attainable. There are probably many who, while recognizing the logic of the Irish demand for complete independence, are not prepared to advocate the steps necessary to effect that consummation. The better they know the history of Ireland, the more likely it is that they shrink from the logically inescapable conclusion. It is a well-worn historical tag, that "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." How many Americans desire to create that "difficulty," to bring about a situation in which England's military and naval power would be so weakened that its grasp on Ireland would loosen? Sinn Fein constantly, and rightly, reiterates that Ireland is held by the superior forces of England. Only by taking away the power of England is it possible to give Ireland the opportunity for unhampered self-determination to which it is theoretically entitled.

As there is certainly a number of Americans human enough to desire a compromise in these circumstances, it may be permissible to outline a proposal which, if not so flattering to the altruists or so satisfying to the craving for ideal justice, may, nevertheless, prove an important contribution to the subject of Anglo-Irish relations. For a long time known vaguely as "Colonial Home Rule," this proposal took definite shape a few months ago, as the press announced, under the auspices of the "Irish Dominion League." The President of the League is Sir Horace Plunkett, and his co-signatories to the original manifesto of the group included a varied collection of prominent Irishmen, workers in the coöperative movement, professional men, soldiers, university professors, and the like. The most noticeable omission, apart from the inevitable absence of Sinn Feiners, was the lack of any names prominent in the world of Anglo-Irish letters. Mr. George Moore, Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. James Stephens, "Æ," and the younger writers did not associate themselves with the program of the Irish Dominion League. It would be wrong, however, to infer that the "Intellectuals" are hostile to the purpose of this group. Like many thousands of Irishmen today, they are prepared to accept what they can get, even though the policy of demanding more may seem good tactics.

The demands of the Irish Dominion League are briefly as follows: (1) that Ireland shall have the status of a Dominion within the British Commonwealth; (2) that Ireland shall be directly represented as a nation in the League of Nations; (3) that Ireland shall be represented in whatever Council, Conference, or Parliament of the Empire may be set up. The League claims that these three points include all the practical essentials of the Irish demand for self-government. The status of a Dominion would recognize the distinctive nationality of Ireland, which would be further emphasized by abstention from the British Parliament. On this subject the League and Sinn Fein agree that so long as Irish members take their seats in the House of Commons, so long do they admit the right of that legislature to pass laws for Ireland. At the same time, representation in the League of Nations would place the country on the same footing exactly, so far as international affairs are concerned, as Ireland would have as a republic. Above all, the power to levy taxes and control customs and revenue, which the British self-governing Dominions enjoy, would relieve the Irish people of the terrible burden of taxation which has drained the country for nearly one hundred and twenty years. The latest returns of the English Treasury show that the amount of revenue raised in Ireland during the last financial year was thirty-seven million pounds sterling. If this sum be compared with the revenues of other small countries, such as Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, there will remain no doubt that Ireland is over-taxed and amply self-supporting. Both contentions are constantly denied, in spite of the figures prepared by a British Department which never errs in Ireland's favor, and in spite of the findings of the Financial Relations Commission, appointed by the British Government in 1896.

Where the League shows an unjustifiable optimism is in its expressed belief that Ulster will more readily consider the Dominion solution than the republican. The peculiar disease known as "Ulsteria," however, is marked by a

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phobia of self-government, which confounds all schemes in the same unreasoning hatred and opposition. The most innocuous Home Rule bill is a rag no less red to the Ulster bull than the extreme demand for a complete separation. The League proffers the usual constitutional guarantees designed to enable Ulster to protect itself by veto and control from all possible and imaginable evils at the hands of the savage tribes which inhabit the twenty-nine counties of Ireland outside the northeast corner. It is pointed out that the danger of secession is purely fanciful, since Ireland would still be inferior to England in force of arms, and would therefore be powerless. As a Dominion, in fact, Ireland would be in exactly the same position as if it were a republic. But the League argues, by analogy with Australia, Canada, and—more remarkably—South Africa, that the hostility prompting a desire to secede would disappear in the different relationship existing between Ireland and England.

In the briefest outline, such is the position of reconcilable Ireland, which perseveres under the most trying conditions. Ulster continues immutable, in the sure and certain hope of English Tory support, Dublin Castle arms the police with hand-grenades and suppresses all the Sinn Fein organs, including the *Dáil Eireann*, and Sinn Fein becomes thereby even more irresistible in its demands for ideal justice. The times are certainly unfavorable to the expression of moderate opinions. The most extreme Unionism has brought each of its prominent spokesmen to the highest offices in the state, so that they can now suppress as seditious printed extracts from their own speeches. The most uncompromising appeals to idealistic reason derive additional weight from the daily violations of all principles of equity. In America, where the question can be viewed from an agreeable distance, the enchantment of such appeals suffers from the awkward fact of the apparently irreconcilable nature of the case. It appears possible, therefore, that the Irish Dominion League may have achieved that one touch of political human nature which should permit Americans to envisage an Irish settlement without tears or bloodshed. To a nation that is sick of war and of international rivalries, a settlement which accords with the demands of practical if not of ideal justice, may be welcome.

Dominion self-government for Ireland does not depend, like an Irish republic, upon the opportunity conferred by England's difficulty. The League, of course, cannot expect to fire those lofty enthusiasms which can only be excited by the pursuit of the absolute. Men do not die, nor poets sing, for the status of a self-governing dominion. After a prolonged course of the most amazing diet of Utopian political nourishment, it may be depressing to return to a prosaic ration of practical politics. Yet, the world over, men are beginning to experience symptoms of intellectual *Katzenjammer*. The heady cups of romantic idealism have been emptied, and some, openly intoxicated by the ideal, have incurred the disapproval of the more cautious. But all are feeling the effects of their libations, so that there is a disposition to turn to less giddy heights. The millennium has been postponed once more—for Ireland as for others. Is this not the time for the political realists to emerge and to get something done? Their drab achievements will not receive the plaudits of the plain people, in search of color, but realists are accustomed to the ingratitude usually bestowed upon practical accomplishment. Reconcilable Ireland awaits a deliverer.

Documents

Article Twenty-Seven

THE following text of Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 is taken from the Supplement to *The Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science for May, 1917. The translation was made by Mr. H. N. Branch.

Article 27. The ownership of lands and waters comprised within the limits of the national territory is vested originally in the nation, which has had, and has, the right to transmit title thereof to private persons, thereby constituting private property.

Private property shall not be expropriated except for reasons of public utility and by means of indemnification.

The nation shall have at all times the right to impose on private property such limitations as the public interest may demand as well as the right to regulate the development of natural resources, which are susceptible of appropriation, in order to conserve them and equitably to distribute the public wealth. For this purpose necessary measures shall be taken to divide large landed estates; to develop small landed holdings; to establish new centers of rural population with such lands and waters as may be indispensable to them; to encourage agriculture and to prevent the destruction of natural resources; and to protect property from damage detrimental to society. Settlements, hamlets situated on private property, and communes which lack lands or water or do not possess them in sufficient quantities for their needs shall have the right to be provided with them from the adjoining properties, always having due regard for small landed holdings. Wherefore, all grants of lands made up to the present time under the decree of January 6, 1915, are confirmed. Private property acquired for the said purposes shall be considered as taken for public utility.

In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals or substances which in veins, layers, masses, or beds constitute deposits whose nature is different from the components of the land, such as minerals from which metals and metaloids used for industrial purposes are extracted; beds of precious stones, rock salt and salt lakes formed directly by marine waters, products derived from the decomposition of rocks, when their exploitation requires underground work; phosphates which may be used for fertilizers; solid mineral fuels; petroleum and all hydrocarbons—solid, liquid, or gaseous.

In the nation is likewise vested the ownership of the waters of territorial seas to the extent and in the terms fixed by the law of nations; those of lakes and inlets of bays; those of interior lakes of natural formation which are directly connected with flowing waters; those of principal rivers or tributaries from the points at which there is a permanent current of water in their beds to their mouths, whether they flow to the sea or cross two or more States; those of intermittent streams which traverse two or more States in their main body; the waters of rivers, streams, or ravines, when they bound the national territory or that of the States; waters extracted from mines; and the beds and banks of the lakes and streams hereinbefore mentioned, to the extent fixed by law. Any other stream of water not comprised within the foregoing enumeration shall be considered as an integral part of the private property through which it flows; but the development of the waters when they pass from one landed property to another shall be considered of public utility and shall be subject to the provisions prescribed by the States.

In the cases to which the two foregoing paragraphs refer, the ownership of the nation is inalienable and may not be lost by prescription; concessions shall be granted by the Federal Government to private parties or civil or commercial corporations organized under the laws of Mexico, only on condition that said resources be regularly developed, and on the further condition that the legal provisions be observed.

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Legal capacity to acquire ownership of lands and waters of the nation shall be governed by the following provisions:

I. Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican companies have the right to acquire ownership in lands, waters and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their Governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometres from the frontiers, and of 50 kilometres from the sea coast, no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire direct ownership of lands and waters.

II. The religious institutions known as churches, irrespective of creed, shall in no case have legal capacity to acquire, hold, or administer real property or loans made on such real property; all such real property or loans as may be at present held by the said religious institutions, either on their own behalf or through third parties, shall vest in the nation, and any one shall have the right to denounce property so held. Presumptive proof shall be sufficient to declare the denunciation well-founded. Places of public worship are the property of the nation, as represented by the Federal Government, which shall determine which of them may continue to be devoted to their present purposes. Episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, orphan asylums, or collegiate establishments of religious institutions, convents, or any other buildings built or designed for the administration, propaganda, or teaching of the tenets of any religious creed shall forthwith vest, as of full right, directly in the nation, to be used exclusively for the public services of the Federation or of the States, within their respective jurisdictions. All places of public worship which shall later be erected shall be the property of the nation.

III. Public and private charitable institutions for the sick and needy, for scientific research, or for the diffusion of knowledge, mutual aid societies, or organizations formed for any other lawful purpose shall in no case acquire, hold, or administer loans made on real property, unless the mortgage terms do not exceed ten years. In no case shall institutions of this character be under the patronage, direction, administration, charge, or supervision of religious corporations or institutions, nor of ministers of any religious creed or of their dependents, even though either the former or the latter shall not be in active service.

IV. Commercial stock companies shall not acquire, hold, or administer rural properties. Companies of this nature which may be organized to develop any manufacturing, mining, petroleum, or other industry, excepting only agricultural industries, may acquire, hold, or administer lands only in an area absolutely necessary for their establishment or adequate to serve the purposes indicated, which the Executive of the Union or of the respective State in each case shall determine.

V. Banks duly organized under the laws governing institutions of credit may make mortgage loans on rural and urban property in accordance with the provisions of the said laws, but they may not own nor administer more real property than that absolutely necessary for their direct purposes; and they may furthermore hold temporarily for the brief term fixed by law such real property as may be judicially adjudicated to them in execution proceedings.

VI. Properties held in common by co-owners, hamlets situated on private property, pueblos, tribal congregations, and other settlements which, as a matter of fact or law, conserve their communal character, shall have legal capacity to enjoy in common the waters, woods, and lands belonging to them, or which may have been or shall be restored to them according to the law of January 6, 1915, until such time as the manner of making the division of the lands shall be determined by law.

VII. Excepting the corporations to which Clauses III, IV, V, and VI hereof refer, no other civil corporation may hold or administer on its own behalf real estate or mortgage loans derived therefrom, with the single exception of buildings designed directly and immediately for the purposes of the institution. The States, the Federal District, and the Territories, as well as the municipalities throughout the Republic, shall enjoy full legal capacity to acquire and hold all real estate necessary for public services.

The Federal and State laws shall determine within their respective jurisdictions those cases in which the occupation of private property shall be considered of public utility; and in accordance with the said laws the administrative authorities shall make the corresponding declaration. The amount fixed as compensation for the expropriated property shall be based on the sum at which the said property shall be valued for fiscal purposes in the catastral or revenue offices, whether this value be that manifested by the owner or merely impliedly accepted by reason of the payment of his taxes on such a basis, to which there shall be added ten per cent. The increased value which the property in question may have acquired through improvements made subsequent to the date of the fixing of the fiscal value shall be the only matter subject to expert opinion and to judicial determination. The same procedure shall be observed in respect to objects whose value is not recorded in the revenue offices.

All proceedings, findings, decisions, and all operations of demarcation, concession, composition, judgment, compromise, alienation, or auction which may have deprived properties held in common by co-owners, hamlets situated on private property, settlements, congregations, tribes, and other settlement organizations still existing since the law of June 25, 1856, of the whole or a part of their lands, woods, and waters, are declared null and void; all findings, resolutions, and operations which may subsequently take place and produce the same effects shall likewise be null and void. Consequently all lands, forests, and waters of which the above-mentioned settlements may have been deprived shall be restored to them according to the decree of January 6, 1915, which shall remain in force as a Constitutional law. In case the adjudication of lands, by way of restitution, be not legal in the terms of the said decree, which adjudication have been requested by any of the above entities, those lands shall nevertheless be given to them by way of grant, and they shall in no event fail to receive such as they may need. Only such lands, title to which may have been acquired in the divisions made by virtue of the said law of June 25, 1856, or such as may be held in undisputed ownership for more than ten years are excepted from the provision of nullity, provided their area does not exceed fifty hectares. Any excess over this area shall be returned to the commune and the owner shall be indemnified. All laws of restitution enacted by virtue of this provision shall be immediately carried into effect by the administrative authorities. Only members of the commune shall have the right to the lands destined to be divided, and the rights to these lands shall be inalienable so long as they remain undivided; the same provision shall govern the right of ownership after the division has been made. The exercise of the rights pertaining to the nation by virtue of this article shall follow judicial process; but as a part of this process and by order of the proper tribunals, which order shall be issued within the maximum period of one month, the administrative authorities shall proceed without delay to the occupation, administration, auction, or sale of the lands and waters in question, together with all their appurtenances, and in no case may the acts of the said authorities be set aside until final sentence is handed down.

During the next constitutional term, the Congress and the State Legislatures shall enact laws, within their respective jurisdictions, for the purpose of carrying out the division of large landed estates, subject to the following conditions:

(a) In each State and Territory there shall be fixed the maximum area of land which any one individual or legally organized corporation may own.

(b) The excess of the area thus fixed shall be subdivided by the owner within the period set by the laws of the respective

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locality; and these subdivisions shall be offered for sale on such conditions as the respective governments shall approve, in accordance with the said laws.

(c) If the owner shall refuse to make the subdivision, this shall be carried out by the local government, by means of expropriation proceedings.

(d) The value of the subdivisions shall be paid in annual amounts sufficient to amortize the principal and interest within a period of not less than twenty years, during which the person acquiring them may not alienate them. The rate of interest shall not exceed five per cent. per annum.

(e) The owner shall be bound to receive bonds of a special issue to guarantee the payment of the property expropriated. With this end in view, the Congress shall issue a law authorizing the States to issue bonds to meet their agrarian obligations.

(f) The local laws shall govern the extent of the family patrimony, and determine what property shall constitute the same on the basis of its inalienability; it shall not be subject to attachment nor to any charge whatever.

All contracts and concessions made by former governments from and after the year 1876 which shall have resulted in the monopoly of lands, waters, and natural resources of the nation by a single individual or corporation, are declared subject to revision, and the Executive is authorized to declare those null and void which seriously prejudice the public interest.

Foreign Press

Ireland: The Call for a Settlement

THE following discussion of a possible settlement of the Irish problem along Dominion lines appeared in *The Round Table* (London) for September.

Since the last number of *The Round Table* was published, an Irish Dominion League has made its appearance, under the chairmanship of Sir Horace Plunkett, backed, at least in respect of its advocacy of a Dominion settlement, by a cleverly written weekly paper, *The Irish Statesman*. The League has received the corporate adhesion of Captain Gwynn's Centre party and the individual support of most of the founders of the Nationalist Veterans Association. As was stated in the last number, "Dominion Home Rule undoubtedly represents the normal aim of Nationalist Ireland." Not many years ago the launching of such a movement under such auspices would have set tar barrels blazing on the hills. Today it has been received with good-humored scepticism on the part of men of good will, and with anger and suspicion on the part of the extremists of both sides. It is significant of the strange condition of men's minds that rumor has not stopped short of accusing Sir Horace of using secret Government funds to defeat in this manner the imminent realization of an Irish republic. The League is doing useful work in bringing together reasonable persons from all sides; but unless the Government, for once in a way, takes such action as will give reasonable persons a chance of being listened to, the popular ear will still be lent to the exponents of Sinn Fein, for the simple reason that this organization alone is thought powerful enough to force attention to the Irish claim.

One is told, indeed, from time to time, that Sinn Fein is losing its grip; but proof in support of the statement is seldom obtainable. Notwithstanding the failure of all hopes based upon the Peace Conference, the separatists still hold the field, not because the general body of Irishmen believe in the Republic, but because they disbelieve in British goodwill and British statesmanship. The condition of the country is still unsatisfactory in the extreme. Non-political crimes (always rarer in Ireland than elsewhere in the United Kingdom) have, indeed, become fewer than ever, as recent judicial charges show; but raids for arms are frequent, as are also murderous assaults upon men individually or officially obnoxious to the revolutionaries. Such outrages are commonly defended, even by otherwise sane and decent people, on the ground that a state of war exists between the Irish Republic and the English Crown. And it must unfortunately be added that the spectacle of English soldiers with shrapnel helmets and fixed bayonets patrolling the streets of Dublin and other towns, unavoidable though it may be in existing circumstances, fosters this illusion, while it angers and humiliates even those (and they are more numerous than is often remembered in Great Britain) who have the most intimate reasons for honoring the King's uniform. There can be few Irishmen of any party who regard with pleasure the continued presence of an army of occupation openly holding down a sullenly disaffected mass of their countrymen, and fewer still who believe that such a state of things can continue indefinitely.

Nor—to put it mildly—has the speech which Sir Edward Carson delivered in Belfast on July 12, taken in conjunction with the attitude of the Executive on this and other occasions, helped to mend matters. It may well be that the English law officers were right in holding that no legal offense had been committed, difficult though it is to square their opinion with the provisions of the Treason Felony Act as expounded by Lord Justice O'Connor during the subsequent trial of a Sinn Fein prisoner. But even in England there must be many who agree with Major Lloyd Graeme, Unionist M. P. for the Hendon division of Middlesex, in holding that the speech, "whatever its precise legal significance, was a moral and political offense." In Ireland, at any rate, the net result of the business is to strengthen the feeling that equal administration of British Law is not to be expected, and to set people asking once again, "What has happened to the Ulster arms which were supposed to have been surrendered to the Executive?" When Sir Edward demands the repeal of the Home Rule Act, and roundly says that, if this is not conceded, he will "at all consequences once more call out the Ulster Volunteers," people may be excused for believing that he has ready to his hands the means for rearming his followers.

As a more hopeful aspect of the situation, *The Round Table* cites the remarkable series of articles which *The London Times* has recently devoted to the Irish question.

Any settlement "must be such as the great majority of sane Irishment can regard, now or presently, as not only tolerable but satisfactory; and it must be based upon the determination that, under the ægis of the British Crown or within the framework of the British Commonwealth, Ireland shall be her own mistress." *The Times* has for weeks past called insistently upon the Government to prepare and, if need be, to impose a settlement. The articles in question have clearly been informed by first-hand knowledge and inspired by a real sense of all-round justice. Finally, the Executive having in the meantime shown no sign of being prepared with a policy of its own, *The Times* has itself put forward a scheme in some detail, pledging at the same time its sympathy and support "to all who attempt, in the only spirit in which success is possible, a just settlement of the Irish question; whether the settlement be made on the lines we have indicated or on other and better principles." With these lines (which, besides, do not pretend to much novelty) readers of *The Round Table* are doubtless already acquainted; but it may be convenient to summarize them very briefly. In order to meet the capital objection which northeast Ulster entertains as well to administration as to legislation by an All-Ireland Executive and Parliament, it is proposed to establish two State Legislatures, one for the entire province of Ulster, the other for the remainder of the country. By agreement (and apparently only by agreement between these bodies—but the point is not made quite clear) a Central Parliament is to be established, composed of an equal number of representatives of Ulster on the one hand and of the three southern provinces on the other. This Parliament may, by resolution, assume certain wide powers, subject, however, to ratification by the State Legislatures, either of which may subsequently veto the application of any law to its area.

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Books of the Week

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Chapman, R. W. (editor). Selections from James Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson. Oxford University Press.—Cunningham, Charles Henry. The Audiencia in the Spanish Colonies. University of California Publications in History, Volume 9. University of California Press.—Gaskell, Elizabeth C. The Life of Charlotte Brontë. Oxford University Press.—Holmes, W. H. Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquities. Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 60. Government Printing Office.—Massachusetts Historical Society. Proceedings 1918-1919, Volume 52. Published by the Society.—Rogers, Clara Kathleen (Clara Doria). Memories of a Musical Career. Little, Brown. $4.—Trumbull, Jonathan. Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, 1769-1784. Little, Brown. $4.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Ledwidge, Francis. Complete Poems. Brentano's. $2.50.—O'Neil, George. The Cobbler in Willow Street. Boni & Liveright. $1.25.—Kostes Palamas: Life Immovable. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Harvard University Press.—Ryan, Agnes. A Whisper of Fire. Four Seas. $1.25.—Baudelaire: His Prose and Poetry. Modern Library. Boni & Liveright. 85 cents.—Stevens, Henry Bailey. A Cry Out of the Dark. Four Seas. $1.25.—Tolstoy, Leo. Redemption, and Other Plays. Boni & Liveright. 85 cents.—Waley, Arthur. More Translations from the Chinese. Knopf. $2.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Aiken, Conrad. Scepticisms. Knopf. $1.75.—Bradford, Gamaliel. Portraits of American Women. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.—More, Paul Elmer. With the Wits. Houghton Mifflin. $2.—Prescott, F. C. Poetry and Dreams. Four Seas. $1.50.—Scarborough, Dorothy. From a Southern Porch. Putnams. $1.50.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Buckham, John Wright. Progressive Religious Thought in America. Houghton Mifflin. $2.—Hankey, Donald. The Cross. Dutton. 75 cents.—Hartman, Henry G. Æsthetics: A Critical Theory of Art. Columbus, Ohio: Adams & Co.—Jenkins, Burris A. The Protestant. Chicago: Christian Century Press. $1.35.

ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY

Warren, Herbert Langford. The Foundations of Classic Architecture. Macmillan. $6.—Woodbury, Charles H. Painting and the Personal Equation. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

SCIENCE

Slosson, Edwin E. Creative Chemistry. Century.—Smith, George Otis (editor). The Strategy of Minerals. Appleton. $2.50.

RECONSTRUCTION AND INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Hansen, Harry. The Adventures of the Fourteen Points. Century.—Macdonald, J. Ramsay. The Government of India.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY

Steele, Rufus. Aces for Industry. Houghton Mifflin. $1.

EDUCATION AND TEXT BOOKS

Chancellor, William Eastbrook. Educational Sociology. Century.

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Sayler, Oliver M. Russia White or Red. Little, Brown. $2.50.

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The Poetry of the American Indian

By HARTLEY BURR ALEXANDER

AT last, one is tempted to say, the American Indian is being discovered. Not as an idyllic child of nature, not as a scalp-dancing, war-whooping savage, nor yet as a show-piece in beads and paint and feathers, but at last as a man and a poet. It is near half a century since scholars in the field of ethnology began to give to things Indian that close and sympathetic study which has, in that period, built up for us the truly impressive and wholly invaluable series of reports today constituting the mine of our information: the anthropological publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, of the American Museum of Natural History, of the Peabody Museum, of the Field Columbian Museum, of the Universities of Pennsylvania and of California, to name only those in the United States which are the more conspicuous. An elder generation of Americanists—Powell, Brinton, Matthews, Cushing, Chamberlain—has passed; a second generation has achieved monumentally, is still achieving, for Franz Boas is among the contributors of the year; and a third descent of workers is annually adding to the solid substructure of what must be our final and lasting appreciation of the race of men who preceded us as makers of America. In that now not far distant future when Americans will come to understand America better because the Red Man first understood her, and because of this understanding will the better know nature and human nature alike, there will be honor not only for the painstaking scholarship of those who have made this possible, but also for the greatness of their service. For we are coming to see that the lore of the Indian contains much that is treasure for our own inner life, as our poets have already seen that they may learn much from Indian poetry, and as our artists are beginning to perceive the value of Indian design.

Token of this is the publication of George W. Cronyn's anthology of North American Indian poetry.[1] Here is a book published not as a scientific record of Indian lore, but for its humane and poetic interest, as literature. The sources from which the selections are drawn are chiefly, and rightly, the serried reports of the Americanists; but the spirit in which they are offered is not the safe conservatism of the careful recorder, intent on the fact, but the bold belief which proclaims them to be of inherent and direct value. The anthology is published because the anthologist is convinced that Indian poetry is worth reading for itself, as an interpretation of nature and of life. And first of all (despite certain reservations which must be made) it is right to say straightforwardly that the anthologist is entirely justified: "The Path on the Rainbow" is a volume of genuine and appealing poetry.

Of the reservations the more obvious is that Indian songs and chants are songs and chants, and bereft of their melodies, their singing tones, they fall thin and fragmentary. As for all unlettered peoples, poetry is for the Indian purely vocal, and the vocal syllables are melodic notes. Furthermore, the mood and meaning of the poem is carried as much by the quality of the melody as by the verbal content. "Hum a few bars of a plainsman's familiar song," says Mary Austin in her excellent introduction to the anthology, "and he will say, puzzled, 'It ought to be a war song,' but without the words he will scarcely identify it." This fact means an aural, and not a visual sense of form, and a poetic art less artificial, and therefore less capable of generalization than is the poetry of books and letters. It also makes necessary, for the full appreciation of the Indian's expression, an understanding of his rhythmic and melodic modes—made possible, happily, by such capital studies as Miss Densmore's of Chippewa and now also of Teton Sioux music,[2] or again by Miss Fletcher in her careful study of "The Hako"[3] to which every reader attracted by Mr. Cronyn's excerpts from this work should resort for their first form and fuller meaning.

But it is not only in its divorce from its native music, verbal and melodic, that the Indian's poetry suffers in translation; even more is lost in freeing it from the matrix of experience within which it was born. It is difficult for book-versed men to realize the degree in which primitive poetry is personal and seasonal: it is of the nature of prayer, and may be sung only as a part of the ritual to which it belongs; it pertains to an hour of the day, a season of the year, and is forbidden at all other times; it is the sole right of a man to whom it was revealed in a dream; it expresses a mood or condition apart from which it has no propriety, and is not uttered—these are only a few of the conditions which indicate how indissolubly, in the Indian's thought, his songs are a part of his life, and which, at the same time, show what must be the patience and tact of the recorders of these songs. "A man from the earth, I am; I have sung concerning an event, for which have compassion on me, whoever from above, you, the supreme ruler." This is one of the prayers caught by Miss Densmore's phonograph after recording a song in the giving of which, under unusual circumstances, the singer obviously felt a certain profanation; and assuredly such a prayer makes clear to how deep an extent the feeling expressed is interbound with the situation which calls the poem forth.

This in large part explains the lack of detail and explicitness in Indian song. The situation in which it is rendered is so direct and unambiguous—one is so at the heart of it from the beginning—that there is need of no preparation, no recapitulation; that large part of the lettered poet's art which consists in creating a departure from, and afterwards in effecting a return to, the common context of life is for the Indian wholly superfluous; he sings only when his song is the birth of his living. For example:

(Micmac)

Death I make, singing
Heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh!
Bones I hack, singing;
Death I make, singing
Heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh! heh-yeh!

(Ojibwa)

What are you saying to me?
I am arrayed like the roses
and beautiful as they.

[1] *The Path on the Rainbow: an Anthology of Songs and Chants from the Indians of North America.* Edited by George W. Cronyn. Boni and Liveright.

[2] *Teton Sioux Music.* By Frances Densmore. Bulletin 61, Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.

[3] Part 2, Twenty-second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

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(Sioux)

As the young men go by
I was looking for him;
It surprises me anew
That he is gone—
Something
To which I cannot be reconciled.

(Kiowa)

Because I am poor,
I pray for every living creature.

(Bilqula death song)

He makes me pure—
O making pure, making pure!
I destroy not life,
I am the life maker.

Such lyric fragments are affecting in themselves; but it is perfectly clear that their meaning in large part lies in their association with the personality and circumstances of the singer, which is, in fact, the explanation of their fragmentary form.

Doubtless all this means that Mr. Cronyn's anthology must be appreciated in the fullness of the imagination and with unrestrained sensibility. The Indian makes no concession to his audience; it is with him totally or not at all. But being with him, it will surely discover its reward in the directness and intensity of the imaginative experience. There is no toying with images, no excursion into allegory; whether the fact be outward or inward, object or emotion, it is presented with a realism that is as unaffected as it is simple and powerful: as Professor Woodberry says of Greek poetry, so the Indian's moves always in the "white light," never turning aside into the prismatic obscurations of fancy. There is a grim sufficiency in this arrow song, "Scarlet is its head"; while in this of the trees, "The wind only I am afraid of," the image is as complete as it is single. At times there is a direct visual objectivity, as in the Paiute songs of returning life:

The wind stirs the willows,
The wind stirs the grasses.

The cottonwoods are growing tall,
They are growing tall and verdant.

A slender antelope,
He is wallowing upon the ground.

Again, they leap with imagination, from earth to sky, from flesh to spirit—for the Milky Way is for the Indian "the Pathway of Spirits":

The snow lies there—ro'rani!
The snow lies there—ro'rani!
The milky way lies there!

Or they turn within, either into the heart of man or the soul of nature, in simple and unanalyzed emotion:

(Northwest Coast)

It is only crying about myself
that comes to me in song.

And of the thunder:

(Ojibwa)

Sometimes I go about pitying myself
While I am carried by the wind across the sky.

There are, to be sure, occasionally poems with an imagery more suggestive of the conscious art of civilized poetry, as this beautiful Navajo song which has a flash of the imagination that can have come only from some remarkable native poet:

The Magpie! The Magpie! Here underneath
In the white of his wings are the footsteps of morning.
It dawns! It dawns!

Or this called "Listening":

The noise of passing feet
On the prairie—
Is it men or gods
Who come out of the silence?

And, especially from the Navajo and other Southwestern tribes, there are long and sustained poetic compositions, in the main, ritual chants. In these is approached more directly the field of myth, or story, which is so closely related in Indian lore to the singer's art. Nearly every Indian song is connected with a story or episode which must be known if the song is to find entire comprehension. Similarly, songs are often imbedded in the stories, the narrator passing naturally, at the emotional moment, to lyric utterance, just as at all moments he relies upon dramatic turns to enforce his meaning. The two arts, of the story-teller and the singer, are supplemental, and along with them the dramatic and ceremonial elements which form the setting of the longer chants.

Naturally the qualities which mark Indian poetry are to be found, in related form, in the stories. There is, for example, the same demand for a quick imagination. The articulation of ideas is not close, and, indeed, one of the charms of Indian tales is to be found in its elisions: transitions, connective ideas, polite deflections of the attention—all these devices of studied literature are absent; the hearer must follow with an alert mind an action whose shifts are sharp mutations and which is, in consequence, always at the centre. Indian prose composition, indeed, deserves study quite as much as does the Indian's poetry; and such records as the Kutenai tales, by Professor Boas,[4] and the Crow myths and traditions, by Mr. Lowie,[5] recent additions to the numerous similar collections made by these and other scholars, offer materials which must in time find their critical evaluation, as literary forms. One might add that not infrequently the reader is surprised by a quality of humor which we do not commonly associate with the Red Man, at least as books portray him. It is toward the termination of Mr. Lowie's last story that we come upon this bit:

Spotted-rabbit was the best-looking man of all that ever lived among the Crow, and his bobtail the best horse that ever walked of those owned by the Crow, and his mother was the best crier that ever lived among the Crow. When she wailed throughout the camp, all the people cried.

Nor need we limit our study and appreciation to the lore of North American Indians. Mr. Farabee's monograph on "The Central Arawaks"[6] brings added materials from a region which has already furnished some of the finest of aboriginal tales. In his work there is one story that combines with imaginative realism and dramatic verve a play of humor that sets it with the very best of the animal stories, from Æsop onwards. It is brief enough to be quoted in its entirety:

[4] *Kutenai Tales.* By Franz Boas. Bulletin 59, Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution.
[5] *Myths and Traditions of the Crow Indians.* By Robert H. Lowie. Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XXV, Part I.
[6] *The Central Arawaks.* By William Curtis Farabee. University of Pennsylvania: the University Museum: Anthropological Publications, Vol. IX.

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The animals were made of clay in the desired form and size, and then painted. After this, the animal was allowed to select for himself where he should live, what his food should be, and what call or song he should have. The people stood by watching the process with eager interest. The first animal was the jaguar, bidikur. After he was completed and his spots had all been put on, Tuminkar [the demiurge] asked him where he would live, what he would eat, and what sound he should make. He looked about, and seeing nothing but trees and people, said, "There does not seem to be much in the trees to live on; I think I should prefer to live on the ground, roar and frighten the people, and eat them." He was allowed his choice. The second animal was the monkey, paut. When he was ready, and his long tail completed, Tuminkar put the same questions to him that he had put to the jaguar. He looked about and saw the people and how they were frightened at the jaguar, who was growling fiercely, and said, "I do not like the looks of that spotted fellow on the ground. I think I should rather live in the trees, whistle and eat nuts." He, too, was allowed his choice. The third animal was the tapir, kudui. While Tuminkar was making him, the monkey climbed down on a low branch to watch the operation and became very anxious about it when he saw what a large animal was being constructed. He said to himself, "Now that fellow ought to live on the ground, but I can see very well that he will not want to do so, because there will not be enough for both him and the jaguar to eat; I am afraid he will want to come up here, and it will not do, for he is so big he would break the trees down, and it would be dangerous for both of us." So he climbed down very near to the tapir, and when Tuminkar asked him about where he would live, the monkey whispered in his ear, "Don't say anything. You cannot come up here, and there will not be enough on the ground for you to eat, so don't say anything at all." When the tapir did not answer, Tuminkar repeated the questions, and the monkey whispered again, "Do not answer." Then Tuminkar said to the tapir, "You are such an awfully stupid fellow you have no use for a voice. Go away and secure your living wherever you can, and eat whatever you can get." Hence he has no call, and though he lives on the ground, he eats the leaves of the trees, which he pulls down with his long nose.

The allusion to the South American tribes brings us back to one feature of Mr. Cronyn's anthology which deserves a parting comment—its adequacy. The title restricts the collection to North American Indians. The author, however, includes one South American example, a hymn to Viracocha drawn from the "Royal Commentaries" of Garcilasso de la Vega. It is a pity, if this excursion were to have been made, that it should not have been carried much farther. The records for South America are meagre as compared with those for North American tribes, but they are by no means wanting; many songs have been recorded; and in this particular instance it would have been far better to have given one of the noble hymns to Viracocha from Salcamayhua's manuscript, Spanish and English translations of which have been made respectively by Señor Lafone Quevado and Sir Clements Markham. But an even more noteworthy defect is the failure to include anything of the Aztec rituals, of the Maya fragments, or of the more recently recorded songs of other Indian peoples of Mexico—such, for example, as the beautiful Cora songs in Lumholtz's works. With respect to the tribes north of Mexico, few will quarrel with the anthologist's selections: there are certain pieces one might hope to see added in a later edition; but as a whole the collection is representative, as it is, in a very fine sense, abundantly justified. It has every right to be read and cherished as a real document upon primitive literature and to be considered one of the genuine American classics.

William De Morgan

By ROBERT P. UTTER

ORDINARILY the young novelist begins his work as the art of the novel itself begins, with tales and sketches, photographic in effect, without the composition of the finished picture. His mind is filled with impressions of life, scenes, characters, faces, bits of action, fragments of dialogue—an endless procession flickering across his screen of consciousness. These he feels with impelling force as material for art. With an instinct like that of a child for dramatic imitation he registers these impressions, at first almost or wholly without significance, or seemingly as an afterthought giving them such significance as he can. With the maturity that comes with years comes also the sense of their meaning, the sense which gives power to organize them into coherent wholes. So the art of the modern novel begins with the flow of London life through the pages of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. So the art of Thackeray begins with sketches and generalized narratives of type characters, that of Dickens with "Sketches by Boz" and "Pickwick," George Eliot with "Scenes from Clerical Life," and so through the list. But too often it is the case that with the growth of the power of organization, which is in large part the intellectual sense of form, the strength of imagination fades. The novelist's task is to express the meaning of life in terms of life itself, but unless he keeps his imagination young, he may find by the time life has meaning for him that he has let slip the terms for its expression.

To De Morgan's eye the stream of life never lost its brilliance of color, its vivacity, its freshness of interest. As if he were twenty-one, scenes, impressions, characters, bits of action, crowd his mind and clamor for expression. At times, they tax the power of his maturity to organize them; he turns in his own person to the reader to apologize for their jostling demand for attention, tags them with labels of explanation showing what he conceives to be their significance, their relation to the main current. Often these tags seem to take us into his working mind; we see him adjusting the subsequent pattern to the material that thrusts itself into the weaving; a figure he throws in at first for hardly more than good measure has an effect on the design that at the moment he does not foresee. We do not need Mrs. De Morgan's note on his way of working to tell us that he created his characters first and arrived at his plot by waiting to see what they would do next. Sometimes the reader waits with him, usually without impatience, for he finds himself in good company; life continues to pass in review even if the plot pauses. It is pleasant to sit for an hour in the bow window of the club with a shrewd observer and a seasoned and genial commentator. It is an ideal club window where there is no danger of acrid gossip nor of platitudes of proverbial philosophy; for our commentator bears a young head on old shoulders.

Such is the fact which turns the easy comparison of De Morgan with Dickens into a contrast. The two figures must come together in the mind because De Morgan will have it so. He gives us constant reminders of Dickens in matter, method, mannerism, in character, scene, turn of colloquial speech, unfolding of plot—instances would make a long list, ending with the two unfinished stories of mysterious disappearance—and if for a moment we miss any of these, De

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Morgan reminds us again by direct quotation or reference. But all these are surface glints that deceive us as to the nature of the material only so long as we keep at a distance. Little Dave Wardle's name, for example, may remind us incongruously of Dingley Dell, but Dave himself, and Joey Vance, and Alice-for-Short, and Lizarann, only remind us that Dickens never was a child, that however few of days he may once have been he was always full of trouble. There are no children in his novels, only wistful little figures such as he once was, yearning for childhood but not experiencing it. Of boys Dickens shows us two kinds, the Artful Dodgers who commit the sins of the world and the Oliver Twists who bear the burden thereof; it never occurs to him that these are two sides of the same boy. De Morgan knows the ways of the world, but they do not burden his spirit nor darken his mind nor shadow his heart. He runs to no extremes; he is pure without being Puritan; his art is unspoiled either by incessant consciousness of evil and responsibility for it, or pretended unconsciousness and elaborate irresponsibility. He saw many of the things Dickens saw, but he saw them from a totally different point of view. Dickens had most of his experience early in life; it was hard and disillusioning, and he drew on it before it lost its acid. De Morgan's came to him in more even flow, and he ripened it well before he tapped it. He has no grudge to work off, no scores to settle. He can look upon wealth, title, lineage without rancor, upon pride and oppression without scorn. His novels reveal a personality ripe with sunny tolerance, a genial companion for a chat between chapters.

"The detestable Early-Victorian practice of gossiping with one's reader," so De Morgan describes the manner while blandly adding its weight to the heavy charge of Early Victorianism which he says is already at his door. The reviewers who laid it there, most of them born since the Jubilee year, and knowing little of Victorianism save what they may have read in their Chesterton, could hardly command the respectful attention of a man who had experienced all of it except its, and his, unconscious infancy. Victorianism in the original is much like a good many other poisons: it is in no way noxious till it is extracted and boiled down; almost anything will poison you if you take it in a high enough concentration. When Arnold Bennett sets out to be Victorian, the result is a piece of synthetic reconstruction; it is like George Arliss playing Disraeli: every effect is carefully considered, and the result is all that it should be, but it is a picture framed always in the proscenium and footlights. You comment on it in terms of its component parts, dialogue, acting, costume, scenery. De Morgan's Victorianism is not a synthetic product, neither is it a contemporary record like Trollope's; rather it is Victorianism recollected in tranquillity. He does not exhibit it like a museum piece, but wears it as an accustomed garment, though kindly alive to our interest in it. "When Ghost Meets Ghost" prolongs for us throughout its pages the moment when in looking at a daguerrotype you see youth and life in the eyes, in the light of which the costume fades into the insignificant vesture of a human being, and your grandfather becomes the boy you once were, or your grandmother a child like your own daughter. Lossie Thorpe, herself in crinolines, quotes her sister Violet on the earlier generation:

> She says it really cannot matter now what girls did who had their waists under their chins and no crinolines, and ringlets, nor men whose trousers were as tight as stockings, and who had little tail coats and frills to their shirts, and shaved close every morning. You should see *her* crinolines—every new one larger than the last.

Substitute the terms of the costume Lossie herself was wearing at the time, and the passage expresses our own feeling about twentieth century excursions into Victorianism. But with De Morgan we are not making an excursion, a round trip at sixty miles an hour on a cut-rate ticket. We cannot see his land at all unless we enter in and dwell with him in leisure and quiet, walk his ways with him afoot with no nervous impatience of long sittings in the sun, with good will to enjoy the place we are in unspoiled with desire to be in some other. In this spirit we may meet his friends with no barrier of costume between us. We are not inclined to say of them, "after all, they are human in spite of the hideous things they wear," for the costumes are not the staple of his art; they are there, and subconsciously keep you aware of the period merely as in good weather unobtrusive signs you could hardly name keep you aware of the season of the year. Here is no parade of the "Victorian compromise," but whatever was of the period in thought, manners, morals, is in these pages also, less apt to make us wonder that our grandfathers knew so little, than to make us aware how little we know more than they.

To say that the central strength of De Morgan's work lies in human character means that his characters are human, not types, not specimens, not variants and "sports" in the biologic sense. Unless they were well-rounded human beings he did not entrust them with speaking parts. The type character, named for the one quality it is supposed to exhibit, he recognizes as a cardboard figure fit for nothing but to slide across the stage in a groove. The economy of material that saws character into strips for veneering is not a part of his practice. Type names occur in his pages—Lady Horse, Mrs. Diamonds, Miss Values, Mr. Treatment, Lord Pouralot—for some merely passing mention. Burlesque names he has too, that tickle the ear as lightly as any in the "Bab Ballads," but he does not limit the scope of his figures with them as Dickens does; they occur chiefly as nicknames from the ready tongue of Christopher Vance, or in the perversions of children's speech. He will chuckle with us over our foibles; he will follow humors so long as they are humorous; but he does not show us crippled souls limping through distorted lives as matter for mirth. Rather he shows us people whom we think of first as very much like ourselves, living such lives as we know, and if before long we begin to find them lovable on the whole, and if the feeling that kindles for them and him warms ourselves who are in their image, it does us no harm. In an age when fiction must move at airplane speed or we will have none of it, when stories are reduced to storiettes and brevity is become the sole aim, De Morgan draws us by the sheer persuasion of his personality to live with people as commonplace as ourselves through chapters of every-day doings till we know them as well as we know our families and neighbors. After that we are interested in trivial things they do which would not catch our eyes if anyone else did them, and when they begin to do the real things of the tale, De Morgan has our interest doubly secure. He repeatedly disclaims any assurance of it, often advises us to "skip," but we do not do it. He carefully explains the plausibility of sundry bits of action—then if ever we are inclined to skip, for why try to assure us that a mortal might have done thus and so under such and such circumstances when we have just seen with our own eyes a mortal do that very thing? In "Alice-for-Short" the

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ghosts are seen by very practical people who do not believe in ghosts. You know them very well; you know that they did see the ghosts, for you were there when it happened. Charles Heath has not imagination enough to be a good artist (to be sure he writes fiction, but it must be poor stuff from what we hear of it); he couldn't imagine a ghost that wasn't there if he wanted to, much less against his will. Thus you find yourself leagued with the author to convince a sceptical character. Again, like Richardson but with more discretion, De Morgan gains credence by building in the reader's mind an impression like a barrier reef, atom by atom till at last it is solid enough to wreck a battleship. It is not an easy method to use today; we have had training in novel-reading since Richardson's time; we are quite ready to accept lath and canvas and are impatient of his too careful building. Neither Richardson nor Trollope ever created a more tiresome character than Mrs. Eldridge in "It Never Can Happen Again," but if you attend patiently all her dreary interviews with her victim you will never challenge the result on grounds of plausibility, nor will you soon forget her. For better reasons we shall not forget Christopher Vance, nor any of the group of children who take their being from so obvious a sympathy on De Morgan's part. Old people are there, too, because he loves them, and we can do no less—Mrs. Verrinder, and the old twin sisters Phoebe and Maisie, souls riding tranquilly on the ground swell of storms long past, tragedy from which time has filtered the bitterness. It is autumn tragedy with pale colors and wan sunshine; twilight tragedy with the sunset smoldering through the ashes of the mist; on the whole a rather "cheerful Thanatopsis." For age it is better so, but where the tragedy is that of youth it is too carefully filtered; in removing the last taint of bitterness De Morgan has taken out the poignance too. We miss the "bright, troubled period" of youth. Charles Heath in the hands of the adventuress and failing in his art is no such picture as Pendennis fallen at the feet of the Fotheringay or plucked for his degree. The heroines are fine figures of abundant vitality and beauty, but we scarcely see below the surface of their emotional life, and when one of them, Lucy Mauleverer, is cast for a part that is woven of tragedy, we feel as if we were kept outside the real story, peering at it through a pane of glass which baffles us with reflections of outward things. Nancy Fraser, in spite of too much stage business with the bicycle, is perhaps the most real of them, though she is not the heroine of her drama. Lossie Thorpe, Gwendolen Rivers, and their kind are human enough to be satisfying; you feel sure that they must have faults though you might be unable to name one; they are successfully made for love, but not for worship. There are secondary figures with memorable individuality. There are those who do not make themselves too conspicuous, but they are faithful in the minds of those of us who love their kind—a lesser artist if he could have drawn them at all would have peopled whole books with them. De Morgan's gallery of characters is not large and it is not crowded, but it shows us figures that were not born for death.

Of an author whose first creative act is character we do not expect much in the way of plot; characters as real as De Morgan's are not easily shaped to organized structure of action. De Morgan tries to do his duty by his plots, and succeeds as often as not. "Joseph Vance" has all the organization one could ask of the novel in autobiographic form, and the device of the blameless hero atoning in tragic silence a sin not his own here comes off with more success than it deserves, for it is lightly touched and is not the mainstay of the plot. For a comment on "It Never Can Happen Again" one may paraphrase Dr. Johnson on Richardson: Sir, if you were to read it for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. You must read it for Lizarann and Jim, who have unsatisfactorily few points of contact with the affair that never can happen again. "An Affair of Dishonor" is the exception, the "Henry Esmond," of De Morgan's list, for it takes its rise as it were in the mind of Stevenson himself, scene calling for incidents; the morning ride to the duel is a companion picture to the inn at Burford and the horseman who rattles at its green shutters with the handle of his whip. Character takes shape, to be sure, as the story goes on, but it takes the shape of the plot, and does not outgrow its bounds. When De Morgan calls on the supernatural to take us beyond the commonplace, he does not try to thrill us, he ostentatiously disconnects every wire that could give us a shock, then he handles it safely so long as he keeps to the established canon of the supernatural, the body of known lore that we may embroider with circumstance, but may not alter. "Alice-for-Short" is as orthodox as "Hamlet"; a disputed inheritance is as regular a piece of business for a ghost as for a lawyer. A ghost is on a legitimate errand when it comes to reveal circumstances of death or the hiding-place of the body, but no acceptable ghost will lie about either as does the apparition of Dr. Cartaret when it gives his sister-in-law to understand that he was murdered. Nor will it, if it condescends to interfere in a love affair, deal with an intermediary, as Dr. Cartaret's ghost does with Charles Snaith. But little Lizarann's last call of "Pi-lot!" is quite within the canon; we accept it instantly and it has its effect. De Morgan's ghosts are very much like his other characters: so long as he lets them alone and watches to see what they will do next they serve him well, but if he tries to contrive for them they play him tricks.

Of De Morgan's style one is hardly conscious, and it is never conscious of itself. In this it is the best of style, as it is in the sense that it bears strongly the personal impress; it is never remarkable, but no one else could have written it. So seldom is there anything of formality that it is rarely one feels any sense of form, but it is there in the closeness with which the word clothes the thought and moves with it in freedom. De Morgan is never any more at a loss for a word than a terrier is for a place to go through a hedge. He has a sense for the value of words like an artist's for color, and a fancy, like that of a child to whom all words are new, for turning up a familiar word as if it were new-minted and showing us a pattern on a surface to our senses rubbed smooth by use. Scrupulous sincerity, no less than humor, keeps him off formality; he says of Peggy Heath: "She felt that she had rather been making a speech and wasn't sure she wasn't a humbug. Perhaps we all feel like that when we say anything consecutive." Sincerity and freshness of imagination—in style as in the other elements of his art we come back always on the qualities of the man. The years took no toll of him, but gave him their gifts. To keep one's ideals after the loss of the illusions, to keep one's imagination pacing evenly with the growth of the mind, to see life in long perspective, not in the vertical, shadowless brilliance of noon, but in the level revealing rays of declining day in the last decade of a life as long as De Morgan's, this is to "die beloved and young" and at the same time "blest and wise."

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The Hill of Vision. A Forecast of the Great War. . . . Gathered from Automatic Writing. By Frederick Bligh Bond. Marshall Jones Company.

Twelve Lessons from the Seven Purposes. By Margaret Cameron. Harper and Brothers.

FROM time to time manias sweep over our planet exactly as do epidemics. Starting with a few cases so obscure as to be hard to trace, these delusions, under favorable conditions, gather force by their own momentum until they carry everything before them; then they die away like a fire that has consumed its fuel. Among these psychical epidemics have been occasional waves of financial speculation, notably the South Sea Bubble and Law's Mississippi Scheme. Another example is the tide of suspicion and persecution started by the "popish plot" invented by Titus Oates. Such also were the Children's Crusade and the madness of the Flagellants in the Middle Ages, when whole populations left home and started wandering on aimless pilgrimages until they perished. Such was the witch hunt of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, with its hundreds of thousands of victims and its tale of unparalleled horror and absurdity.

The extraordinary thing about all these manias is the small part that reason has to play in controlling them. The few sane men who have resisted them have been persecuted while every charlatan who fostered the craze was applauded and rewarded. And not infrequently the strongest minds of the time were carried away. Jean Bodin, the brilliant French publicist, by his zeal in urging on the witch hunt, earned himself the name of "Satan's attorney general." Even the scientific mind cannot always rise superior to its environment. When Napier, the inventor of logarithms, and Newton, the discoverer of gravitation, wrote commentaries on the Apocalypse, interpreting its prophecies as pointing to a speedy end of the world in their own day, they seemed perfectly sensible to their contemporaries, but every man now must see that they were wrong, and not only wrong but *détraqués*.

The fact is that the atmosphere of delusion will spontaneously generate its own proofs. When witchcraft was regarded as possible there came forth an overwhelming mass of evidence in favor of its reality: confessions of old women who had attended the Witches' Sabbath, testimony of eye-witnesses to broom-stick rides, all sorts of circumstantial proof, enough to convince the most merciful and rational judges. In an earlier age when miracles were believed possible, they were numerous. Irenæus and Augustine and St. Columban esteemed the resurrection of the dead no uncommon event, whereas miraculous cures, speaking images, and the gift of tongues were everyday happenings. If the reality of the supernatural were a matter to be decided by weight of testimony, it has been proved not once but a thousand times.

But what vitiates all this evidence is the simple fact that once men become skeptical of any particular form of the supernatural it no longer occurs. When thinking became clear enough to show that nature operated by constant laws, the dead no longer rose. When men came to think it absurd that an old hag should sell her immortal soul for the privilege of making her neighbors' cows go dry, witches no longer had power to hurt. In short, the visions of the *outré* were like mirages in the desert; the atmosphere of credulity itself created them.

From this point of view it is easy to understand the etiology of the prevalent mania of "psychical research." Like the influenza it is a part of the aftermath of war. The emotions have been overstimulated, the imagination jaded, the resistance of reason broken down, and as a consequence men see ghosts. That some eminent scientists have seen them proves no more than their vision of mirage in the desert or of delirium in fever would prove. If, as Dr. Hyslop assures us, most investigators have come to the conclusion that spirits of the dead speak, that only shows what type of mind is drawn to this subject and to what powerful influences the man is exposed afterwards.

For if you can determine the conditions of experiment and can select your data, you can prove anything. William James once took laughing gas to see what effect it would have on him; it made him a Hegelian. But if everybody took gas at the same time and experienced the same effect, that would not prove Hegelianism true; it would prove it a disease. If everybody that took opium dreamed, as did De Quincey, of a purple paradise, that would not prove that you could send any man to heaven, but that you could make him a little insane. So if everybody who, usually under the stress of grief, attends seances where he hears inexplicable raps and words that seem to have meaning, then jumps to the conclusion that the raps are made and the words spoken by spirits, that only shows that his judgment is upset in this regard.

Though the mass of data is large, it is in reality selected. Everyone who has a dream that comes true or a hallucination that coincides with some event, communicates it; the vast number who have no visions, or fallacious ones, say nothing. Montaigne once noticed that if anyone in a company denied the possibility of something, another person would pipe up and say that he had seen it. So, if interest is concentrated on any thesis, no matter how absurd, a mass of statements supporting it will soon accumulate. One would think that reincarnation would be the last thing that could be proved by experience; but M. Denis, independently convinced of it as a fact, has collected testimony in its favor. He quotes *The Daily Mail* which, in July, 1903, told of a living child who remembered having been assassinated in 1814; and he calls many equally veracious witnesses. If, after this, it is not evident that any thesis whatever can be supported by alleged facts, there is no use giving further examples.

The purpose of the psychical investigators is a moral one, to prove immortality. But with all their good intentions, how meagre the results! If they have proved the next life they have made it about as repulsive as possible, consisting as it must of haunting old places and frightened friends, and of talking twaddle at seances through the mouths of hysterical mediums. Compared to such an existence, the old hell seems quite nice and sociable—a bit hot and stuffy, perhaps, as large at homes are apt to be, but with plenty of good company to keep one healthy and sane.

Professor Hyslop thinks that the very triviality of the messages coming from the next world counts in favor of their genuineness. But surely there is a limit to the interest in personal matters. If an eminent philosopher, deceased, can find nothing better to vouchsafe than that he once had a yellow trunk; if another savant returns to say that he has just seen Professor James (still living) in pink pajamas and that he looks cute in them, there must be a certain baldness, a certain banality in the next life beyond the dreams of boredom. Very likely James had pink pajamas (a fact solemnly verified by Dr. Hyslop), but "it needs no ghost to tell us so."

There are no good books on psychical research, but some are worse than others. Of those under review the only one worth attention is that by Dr. Hyslop. Fully convinced as is the reviewer that madness lies on the way of the "psychic" and the table-tipper, yet he must admit that there is a method in Professor Hyslop's madness. It is as rational, that is, as many a book written to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays.

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But the author should be warned by the company he keeps.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was urged to translate Léon Denis's "Life and Destiny" by messages from her husband in the astral world. She found M. Denis's "beautiful thoughts an education to her mind, a solace to her heart, and an uplift to her soul." Unhappily the same beautiful thoughts are now likely to educate and uplift English readers to the point where they can learn from "Jerome de Prague" (who died five hundred years ago) that after death their souls will be able to choose the germ in which they will become re-incarnated, even changing sex, if desired.

Dr. Crawford has been at great pains to discover the "psychic mechanism" by which tables are levitated. He has ascertained that it consists of a "psychic cantilever," whose weight, endurance of strain, and position he has carefully calculated. He found that when the table rose in the air the medium's weight was increased by the exact weight lifted; he took the temperature of the table just before and just after levitation and found it exactly the same; he applied machines to test the pressure on various parts of the medium's body. He learned that taps were produced by a "psychic rod" projecting from the medium's body. In fact, he discerned everything except the big hoax played on him. Though his humor is unconscious he has produced a work that might well compete with any of Stephen Leacock's.

Mr. Bond was apprised of the outbreak and course of the war, some time before it was declared, by an old Abbot of Glastonbury and by the ghost of Augustus Cæsar. It is somewhat remarkable that the prophecies, which proved accurate to the very day in the past, should extend just to the date of the book's publication and not inform us of what will happen in 1920. Miss Cameron also had the advantage of getting a moral judgment on world issues from the realm of spirits. Like everything else that has transpired from the beyond, the ethics of the dead seem to border on idiocy. Such books are important, not for what they contain, but as symptoms of the present dangerous malady of the people's minds. It takes no Glendower to call spirits from the vasty deep; nowadays such spirits are on tap in everyone's cellar. And if we believed in prohibition we might say that what is needed is probably another prohibition campaign.

Ballads in Nova Scotia

The Quest of the Ballad. By W. Roy Mackenzie. The Princeton University Press.

A CHARMING book, this romance of ballad-hunting in Nova Scotia. The author, now a staid professor in an inland college, had the good fortune to be born of Scotch ancestors in Nova Scotia and to have formed at an early age a taste for "low company," which led him to frequent the society of a class among whom alone ballad-singing as a form of social entertainment still lingered. Chief among these seems to have been a merry little cobbler, Old Ned by name, who would not have been out of place among the brethren of the gentle craft that plied their trade and sang their songs in Simon Eyre's workshop. A complete and hereditary illiterate, he was none the less master of a rich store of ballads, old and new, which he was ready and willing to sing by the hour to his young companion. It was from Old Ned and others of his class that the boy came to know the ballad not as a relic of a dead past, but as still living on the lips of men. While a student at Harvard, Mr. Mackenzie discovered that great treasure house of ballad lore, Child's "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," and under the stimulating guidance of one of the most learned and most human of American scholars set out on the quest of saving from the maw of oblivion such relics of popular ballads as still survived in the home of his boyhood. He was now a trained scholar, but, fortunately for himself and for us, his training had quickened rather than dried up his springs of interest in men and women, and this record of his quest is delightful even more because of its pictures of quaint human survivals than for the fragments, often somewhat battered specimens, that the indefatigable hunter has succeeded in collecting and piously preserving.

The few remaining ballad-singers of Nova Scotia are survivals of an earlier age, a merrier age by all accounts, when lads and lasses, "chuck full of the old boy," would "take hold of hands and go through the fields to a dance singin' the old songs together." These singers now live in the distant past and shun the daily paper as they would the pest. What news drifts to them from the modern world is straightway transformed to something resembling old and cherished tradition. Thus a contemporary British victory in Flanders was retold to the author by one of this class in terms of Wolfe's victory over Montcalm, of which, in the author's words, every peasant in Canada has his version. So, too, a singer of a Battle of Alma ballad went on in his commentary to ascribe to King William, the British commander—is this not a reminiscence of some ballad of the Boyne?—the miraculous power over the sun's course which Joshua exercised at Ajalon.

One of the most curious facts discovered by the author on his quest is that the ballad-lore of Nova Scotia, all of it characteristically British, some of it running directly back to the old border ballads, survives almost exclusively among families of French descent. The reason of this strange phenomenon seems to be that a settlement of French Protestants, apparently refugees from the White Terror of the Bourbon restoration, overlaid the original stratum of Scotch pioneers This light-hearted and adaptable folk promptly discarded their own language and customs and took over those of the earlier British settlers, in particular, it would seem, the practise of ballad-singing. This was especially the case among such of them as entered into the service of Scotch families as housemaids and farmhands. In the course of a generation or so ballad-singing became socially stigmatized as the mark of an inferior and servile race, and the unfortunate zeal of Scottish ministers dealt the final blow to the practise among the descendants of the original possessors of the ballads. More than one instance is noted by the writer of a man or woman who had given up singing "rowdy songs" as conduct unbecoming to a respectable member of the church. Only here and there among very aged folk, mostly belonging to the third generation of the French settlement, does the tradition of the ballad still linger. The practise of ballad singing has long been discontinued, and it required all the tact, persistence, and affability with which Mr. Mackenzie appears to be so eminently endowed to induce these rare survivals to cast away their fear of ridicule and to "roar" for him some of the old songs they still remembered.

These old songs, as might be expected, are of many and various kinds. The present reviewer still recalls the shock of amused surprise with which, while reading this book in manuscript, he discovered embedded in the Ballad of the Butcher Boy a group of stanzas familiar to a former generation of college boys, if not to this, as the song, "There is a tavern in our town." The form which Mr. Mackenzie prints is a genuine eighteenth century ballad akin in spirit to the sentimental bourgeois tragedy of George Barnwell, so long the delight of London prentices. But there are older and finer specimens of the ballad still surviving. The author had the rare good fortune to take down from the lips of old singers variants of such noble ballads of the heroic age as Little Musgrave—generally known in Nova Scotia as Little Matha Grove or even as Little Matey Grovey—The Cruel Mother, Young Beichan, and The Douglas Tragedy. All these, it must be remembered, have been handed down by oral tradition; not one of them had ever been seen in print by any of the singers. It is to this living oral tradition that Mr. Mackenzie rightly ascribes the "inconsistency of the ballad" to which he devotes a delightful chapter. No

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song that lives by the hearing of the ear alone can be expected to retain even for a generation its primal form; each of the five versions of Little Musgrave, for instance, that the author noted down had its own striking peculiarities, and the variants of Pretty Polly, a Nova Scotian version of Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight recorded by the author, furnish almost enough material for a modern doctor's thesis.

These descendants of the old English and Scottish ballads are, of course, the gems which the author succeeded in unearthing in his quest. But there are many other types; ballads of English victories on land as on sea, such as the various Waterloo songs and those recording the victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake, which Mr. Mackenzie was solemnly warned not to sing in "the States." There are old songs of seafaring, of shipwreck and of piracy and murder on the high seas, one capital "shanty" (chanty), and various specimens of the local muse, one of which, McLellan's Son, shows the popular ballad at the last gasp before it finally ceased to be. Not one of these types but has its own peculiar interest, and the sympathetic reader can only join in the author's regret for the days when these old songs, true products of the people and the soil, were superseded either by the metrical version of the Psalms or by "new fangled Yankee songs, with neither sense nor story to them."

After all, however, this book is not a collection of ballads, but the story of the author's quest. We may find better versions of his best specimens in any ballad anthology, but on the other hand, we may look far for simpler, truer, and more genially humorous records of such rare types of humanity as Mr. Mackenzie gives us in his pictures of Little Ned, Old Bob, that ancient mariner Dick Hinds, bare-footed Ann Thompson, and the stentorian psalm-singer Thomas McFarlane. It is hardly too much to say that "The Quest of the Ballad" deserves a place on the shelf which holds "The Bible in Spain" and "Lavengro."

"This Unintelligible World"

Sanctus Spiritus and Company. By Edward A. Steiner. George H. Doran Company.

The Face of the World. By Johan Bojer. Moffat, Yard and Company.

Ecstasy: A Study of Happiness. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead and Company.

THE novel of tendency is excellent in proportion as it does not preach or proclaim but sets down the concrete and compelling facts from which its idea and its vision were born. Life is the best propagandist and the sufferings of men are beyond any pleading in eloquence. A recognition of this truth makes Mr. Steiner's book admirable as a novel and weighty as a document. Entangled by race and speech and fortune in many bitter partisanships, he came to see them as all proceeding from the same blind instinct of self-assertion and the same blind will to power. And this insight brought him its unfailing reward of large and mellow humanity.

His story, embodied in very clearly defined characters and events, is that of the culmination of the spirit of militant nationalism in the modern world. There was a time in Slovakland when Jew and priest and Slav magnate walked together in peace and friendship. But when Yanek Hruby, once coal miner and now clergyman, returns from America, he finds sharp and bitter animosities. The Magyars forbid the Slovaks the public use of their speech and seek to bribe men from their nationalist allegiance; the ignorant Slovaks turn against the Jews; the Czechs, with eyes on the future, are beginning to announce a patronizing Slavic brotherhood. Yanek Hruby espouses the cause of his own patient and humble Slovak folk. He knows, of course, the true worth of the old Jewish distiller, Moritz Redlich; he can be charitable even to Redlich's Magyarized son. But to his compassion and enthusiasm there does not yet penetrate in any intelligible way the voice of the cool physician, Dr. Makutchky, who warns him: "You will destroy one monster only to create another. . . . You will put other men who oppose you into prison and the men whom the people call patriots, you will call traitors."

With his young wife Hruby at length returns to America, and over his burning faith in American tolerance and mercy falls the shadow of the terrible winter of 1917. He is dragged before a Vigilance Committee because he opposed the words of Jesus to the hysteria of hate; he is forced to sit in a Liberty loan rally in which a lusty politician—once well known for his fondness for the German vote—roars: "Speak English or get out of the country!" And Sonya, Yanek's gentle wife, who has no memories of the better America of past years, cries out: "That man made me think of Hrazova and the Jew-baiting." The circle is complete. And each day serves to drive home more fully the truth and pertinence of Mr. Steiner's clearly implied predictions. French is forced on the children of the Rhineland; the historic German theatre in Prague is petitioning President Masaryk to save it from extinction; the Slovak murmurs against the dominance of the Czech, the Galician Ukrainian against that of the Pole.

Mr. Steiner's book, however, is in the truest sense a story, not a treatise. Though he ends conventionally, he has seen his country with a deep and unintentional observation and gives us the authentic feeling of the melancholy, the helplessness, the pathetic patience of Slovakland. These people were oppressed and are now only too ready to oppress in their turn. But they have the fundamental kindliness that is common to all men and appears so soon as they neither suffer compulsion nor desire to inflict it.

The sorrows and confusions of mankind present themselves in a less definite but even more universal form to Dr. Harold Mark, the protagonist of Johan Bojer's "The Face of the World." They steal into his consciousness until they possess it wholly. He lets his young wife slip from him and his scientific interests and all capacity for simple and spontaneous living. His morbidly vigilant eye sees daily only the record of the multiform tyranny and suffering that exist under the sun. Thus he plunges into medical work in a slum, but finds himself in the end exhausted in strength and baffled by his helplessness before the enormous sum of human misery. He next takes charge of the hospital in his native town in western Norway and innocently brings disaster upon the hospital and the town through practising that thorough faith in individual human nature which seems to him a final refuge for himself and a final source of hope for all mankind. In the conduct of this second episode Bojer displays all the insight and power that marked "The Great Hunger." Ivar Holth, the man whom Mark trusted but who sets fire to the town, is in his conscious nature quite worthy of that trust. But obscure and uncontrollable forces both of instinct and of society overwhelm his conscious will, and Bojer's study of that process is extraordinarily incisive and tragic under the objective calm of its manner. Dr. Mark flees once more. In the quietude of the North a new vision comes to him. He has stretched himself on the cross of the whole world's suffering. It has been futile. For the cataract of reality has plunged by and over him unheeding. No personal salvation, he seems to realize, can come through hope in progress or melioration of any sort. We must fix our eyes upon those figures in the world picture that are mercifully also a part of reality—upon Jesus and Michelangelo, Shakespeare and Beethoven. This is, of course, the pure doctrine of Schopenhauer, who taught that life is like the endless comedies of a bad poet in which "Pantaloon will become no more agile and generous, Tartuglia no more conscientious, Brighella no more courageous, and Columbine no more modest," and that hence the wise man will withdraw, while seeking to avoid pain, to the exercise of pure thought and the contemplation of untroubled beauty. It would be interesting to learn

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how far Bojer is conscious of the identity of this trend of his novel with the teachings of the great philosopher who is everywhere so influential.

In "Ecstasy" that withdrawal from the world of harsh reality which Bojer seems to counsel has already been achieved. Philosophy and art play only a minor part in the fragile lives that Couperus sets before us. But these people seek the great adventure as well as the great consolation wholly within a dim inner world of shifting emotions and quivering sensibilities. These emotions and sensibilities they translate into the terms of a rather hazy mysticism and thus seem to themselves to rise to renunciations and heroisms and ecstasies of the spirit that are self-sufficing. From all this a robuster mind may turn not without a touch of impatience. And the Dutch novelist has himself, indeed, left far behind him the "sensitivist" period in which this book was written. Nevertheless this very admirable translation of it by Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos should find a very warm welcome. For the literary qualities of "Ecstasy" are quite beyond question. The sensitiveness of its living souls has been transferred to a style that shimmers and breathes and palpitates. There are descriptions, like that of Cecile von Even in the sixth chapter, which have a remarkable blending of delicacy with precision. There are glimpses of people—that of the young Jules van Attema, for instance—that open long, dim, depthless vistas on the spiritual life. There is, finally, the portrait of Quaerts, with its cool, objective recognition of the sundered poles of human nature—a portrait done without a shadow of moral falsification or insidious cant. The art of Couperus, in brief, is a thoroughly civilized art. In its subtlety and ripeness both of spirit and method it has long transcended many of the delusions with which all but a very few serene spirits in our own literature are still painfully struggling. If "Ecstasy" cannot appeal to a very wide public, it should yet find its place among the small group of novelists' novels in which the artist can watch the ease and wisdom of a master.

A Modern Quixote

Memoir of Kenelm Henry Digby. By Bernard Holland. Longmans, Green and Company.

"A GRAND swarthy fellow, who might have stept out of the canvas of some knightly portrait in his father's hall—perhaps the living image of one sleeping under some cross-legg'd *effigies* in the church." So Edward Fitzgerald, who remembered him at Cambridge, described Kenelm Digby—the very realization of his own chivalric dreams. In "The Broad Stone of Honour" Digby declares that youth is "the heroic or chivalrous age of each separate man. . . . Every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiments, a knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstance of a singular and most degrading system of education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law." In Digby, at any rate, the chivalric instinct was strong and persistent. To the end of his long life of eighty years nature was fine in him, and he died as he lived, a belated survivor of the ages of faith and chivalry, a Quixote whose armor was genuine and whose head was clear. Ruskin cites him in "Modern Painters," in a footnote to the chapter on "Vulgarity," as an example of what vulgarity is not, and affirms that from Digby he "had first learned to love nobleness." Julius Hare shortly after the publication of "The Broad Stone of Honour"—"that noble manual for gentlemen"—wrote of its author: "He identifies himself, as few have ever done, with the good and great and heroic and holy, and ever rejoices in passing out of himself into them."

A memoir of such a man was evidently to be desired. The author of "Mores Catholici" and "The Broad Stone of Honour" was almost as legendary as one of his own heroes. The information about him supplied by the "Catholic Encyclopedia" and the "Dictionary of National Biography" was meagre and, as we now know, not quite accurate. His books were all but inaccessible and were known, even to the curious, only in excerpts. The reviews were almost wholly silent about him. It was high time that the silence was broken, and we are grateful to Mr. Bernard Holland for breaking it in the book which is now before us.

But we wish he had written a better book. He had the materials for an excellent one at hand. We can imagine a portrait of Digby that would have been as romantically winning as his own Godefridus. But Mr. Holland has chosen to cumber his narrative with comments that are frequently trivial and nearly always superfluous. He seems unable to keep an eye single to his task, but is incessantly glancing at his non-Catholic and especially his "High Anglican" readers for signs of a conviction of sin. Digby himself spoke what he believed to be the plain truth about the havoc wrought by the Reformation. Even the *Dublin* reviewer of "Compitum" in 1848 gently rebuked him for not being sufficiently considerate of Protestant susceptibilities. Digby, however, was perfectly aware that the best reply to Protestant criticism of the Church of Rome and the most effective justification of her claims upon men's allegiance is the story of her spiritual triumphs, and this story he set himself to tell with a skill and fervor that are not easy to resist. In like manner Mr. Holland would have done well to allow Digby's character to speak for itself, for it is more convincing than any but the keenest polemic. If the walls of the Anglican Jericho have not long ago succumbed to the artillery of Newman, they are not likely to be shaken by the blasts of Mr. Holland's, nor even of Digby's trumpet.

The Digbys were a family of great traditions. They had fought for the house of Lancaster at Towton and Bosworth Field. They were eminent in war and diplomacy during the troubles of the seventeenth century, adhering, of course, to the Stuarts. Sir Everard Digby, however, was a convert to Catholicism and was executed for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot; his son, Sir Kenelm, the famous courtier, physicist, and man of letters, was brought up in the ancient faith. The elder branch of the family acquired the earldom of Bristol, and George, the second earl, was a convert to Rome. This branch was allied by marriage with the great house of Fitzgerald in Ireland. The younger branch, to which Kenelm Digby belonged, was notably clerical and abounded in dignitaries. His father, the Dean of Clonfert, was a typical scion of such a race—athletic, artistic, learned—and his son inherited his gifts and made excellent use of them.

After a delightful childhood in Ireland, Digby entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1819. It was not a particularly "good" degree, for the young man's interests, like his talents, were discursive. He was an enthusiastic oarsman and claimed, in later years, to have been "founder of boating on the Cam." He rode and swam and read mediæval history and books of chivalry, to which he had first been attracted by his admiration for Scott. He seems also to have had a leaning towards profounder, if not more profitable studies, for at the age of twenty he published his first book, the Norrisian prize essay on "Evidences of the Christian Religion." He and a friend of like mediæval tastes engaged in a tournament with improvised weapons, and he actually kept the vigil of arms in King's College Chapel. He wished to repeat the ceremony in Ely Cathedral, though so learned a mediævalist must have known that the rite is hardly more subject to repetition than the rite of baptism. It is shocking, of course, but one cannot refrain from thinking of Don Quixote's vigil in the courtyard of the inn, as it is described in the third chapter of the first part of his veracious history. At all events, the young man was making ready for his first important work, "The Broad Stone of Honour," which was published in 1822. This was a study of the heroic virtues of the ages of chivalry, written from a non-Catholic point of view. In 1825, however, Digby became a convert to Roman Catholicism, and in the enlarged edition of the book that appeared a year later he not only ardently de-

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fended the purity and beauty of the mediæval Catholic faith against Protestant aspersions, but vigorously carried the war into the enemy's territory. Converts were rare in those pre-Tractarian days, and English Catholics were, in Newman's famous description, "but a few adherents of the Old Religion, moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been." But there was nothing of the *gens lucifuge* about Kenelm Digby. With his friend Ambrose Phillips de Lisle, another convert, he was accustomed on many Sundays to ride twenty-six miles to mass, with the full knowledge of the authorities, who apparently looked upon Digby's conversion as only a phase of his general eccentricity and liked him none the less for it.

During the Cambridge years, as afterwards, Digby spent much time in Paris and there came into contact with some of the foremost members of the liberal Catholic group. Montalembert was his friend and admirer. He knew Lacordaire and Ozanam. He had the *entrée* of Madame Swetchine's saloon. He met Chateaubriand. The Irish lady whom he married in 1833 or 1834—Mr. Holland gives both dates—was "intimately connected with the Catholic and royalist society of France," and much of their married life was spent in Paris, until they were driven out by the Revolution of 1848. Meantime, in the years between 1831 and 1842 the eleven volumes of "Mores Catholici" were written and published—at the author's expense, which was true of all his books. As in "The Broad Stone of Honour" he attempted to illustrate from every phase of mediæval life the incalculable debt of civilization to Catholicism, a task that his friend Montalembert was to perform twenty years later, possibly with greater scholarship though hardly with more charm, in "Les Moines d'Occident." From 1848 to 1854 appeared the seven volumes of "Compitum," another vivid defense of Catholic Christianity. Its thesis is that the Church stands at the *compitum*, or cross roads, the meeting-place of all the ways through life that the feet of men have taken or may take, giving unity and meaning to all that are safe and warning the traveller against all that are perilous. The rest of his books, and they are many, are of less importance; his volumes of verse are, in the reviewer's opinion, of no poetic importance at all, though they have much autobiographical interest. Mr. Holland speaks of their plainness and simplicity as Crabbe-like, but such verses as the following, and they are not uncommon, do not sound to us like Crabbe at anything but his occasional worst:

> "While to them both alike he then did owe
> His thorough knowledge of the French château."

Until 1856 Digby's family life was an idyll of beauty and peace. In the seven years that followed he lost his wife and three of his children by death and one child by a separation that he seems to have regarded as scarcely less bitter. It is one of the little ironies of our inconsistent human nature that a man who had spent his life in celebrating the glories of ascetic religion should have resisted almost to the point of alienation his daughter's decision to enter a religious order. Mr. Holland reminds us that Montalembert had a similar trial, though if we may believe the touching pages at the close of Book 17 of "Les Moines d'Occident," in which he records his loss, his emotion was grief rather than resentment. It is pleasant to know that many years later, when Marcella Digby had long been Superior of a house of her Order in Chile, her father was reconciled to her. Mr. Holland comments: "Perhaps he had, all through a happy life, enjoyed his own free way too completely, and had not learned in the workaday world to accept the unavoidable." As a matter of fact he had never lived in the workaday world. He belonged to the race, now almost extinct, of those who take refuge from the realities of waking life in a world of splendid dreams. To play the Sancho Panza to such a Quixote is a thankless task, which we have no wish to undertake. After all, the Quixotes may be in the right of it. The present is an enigma, the future a mirage or a menace, but the past is sacred and secure.

The Soul of the Worker

The Equipment of the Workers. An Enquiry by the St. Philip's Settlement Education and Economics Research Society, Sheffield. London: Allen & Unwin; New York: The Sunwise Turn.

The Army and Religion. With a preface by the Bishop of Winchester. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has lately been very eloquent about the new world that is coming. Just where it is coming from he does not tell us very explicitly. Well, what are we going to make our new world with? It is far too easily assumed that all we need is a set of large political and economic readjustments, and far too rarely remembered that the core of our problem has to do with the human quality of the men and women who constitute the actual world of fact and who will people the new world of our dreams. In our preoccupation with schemes and plans we are in danger of overlooking the primary factor in our task—the human material with which we have to build.

The chief value of the volumes before us is that they register the results of two independent inquiries into the moral, spiritual, and intellectual state of the English worker. "The Army and Religion" deals primarily with the soldier; but the soldier is only the worker in another setting. The two inquiries have to do with the same human mass; and between them they give us a very instructive, if disturbing, survey. How far the results of a survey of the same kind undertaken in America would yield similar results it would be vain to speculate; but there are good grounds for supposing that the results would differ in detail rather than in substance.

There have already been exhaustive surveys of the physical and economic condition of the workers; and the findings of Booth and Rowntree have almost become classical. It was plainly necessary, however, to have these surveys supplemented by an inquiry far more inward and intimate into the mind and the outlook of the workers. What are they thinking? What are they living for? Do they read? If so, what? "The Equipment of the Workers" gives us the answer to these and the like questions, and it is an important first instalment of light upon a difficult subject. The inquiry was planned and carried out by a group of workers at a Y. M. C. A. settlement in Sheffield; and it deals exclusively with Sheffield conditions. But that the results are typical for all the great manufacturing centres there can be no doubt. Very summarily, the finding of the group is that 25 per cent of the workers are well equipped, 60 per cent inadequately equipped, and 15 per cent ill equipped. The body of the book consists of a detailed record of the results of the inquiry in 408 typical cases.

The principle of classification is of some interest. The equipment into the quality of which the inquiry was made is equipment for social contribution, embracing the economic, spiritual, moral, and intellectual elements of social efficiency. From the nature of the case the classification has to be somewhat rough, for the dividing line between good and inadequate equipment is peculiarly difficult to draw. But in the main the tests applied and the judgment passed upon the reaction of the investigated persons to the tests seem sound. Consequently we have in this volume an important datum for our thought upon reconstruction and the problems of the new world.

"The Army and Religion" is different in method and narrower in scope. The Sheffield workers made their investigations at first hand; the compilers of this book have gathered their evidence in the main from chaplains and Y. M. C. A. workers, though some of it comes directly from officers and rankers of a thoughtful type. The inquiry was directed to the common soldier's attitude to religion, his religious experience and knowledge; and the net result of the inquiry is that about eighty per cent. of the men in the army were indifferent to

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religion and ignorant both of its significance and content. So far the findings coincide roughly with those of the Sheffield inquiry. Of course any one acquainted with religious conditions in large urban centres could have guessed with tolerable accuracy beforehand what results this inquiry would yield. It is, however, just as well to have the facts established.

The really disappointing section of this volume is that which deals with the remedies. The Sheffield volume leaves us to draw our own inference except in so far as it urges that the problem is at bottom one of education; and the point is discussed in a brief introductory chapter. In "The Army and Religion" virtually half the book is given over to a discussion of the evidence and of remedies. But there is little or nothing in this discussion which, long before the war, had not been among the commonplaces of religious diagnosis and prescription current among evangelical people of a liberal type. We are told that here, there, and yet again there is a challenge to the church; that the church ought to do this, that, or the other thing—all of which is no doubt very true. But apparently not all the excogitation of the investigators has availed to discover the first thing to do in the direction of recovery. We are still where we were; the only difference is that the problem has become sharper in definition; but the solution is still up in the air. The writers take heart of grace from two circumstances. The first is that there have been momentary awakenings of a primitive religious sense in the tensest moments of the soldier's life—just before a charge, or lying wounded in no-man's-land, or on post duty at night in a forsaken village. The second spring of encouragement is the revelation which the war has afforded of the noble human stuff in common men. Human nature is after all very much like the curate's egg—"excellent in parts"; and this comes out in the Sheffield inquiry as well. There are hardly any cases even among the most depraved and debased individuals encountered in which there was not found some surviving strain of generosity and human kindness. But we take leave to doubt whether there is much room for comfort from the religious viewpoint in these circumstances. For the Sheffield inquiry shows that even among the well-equipped workers a definite religious interest is comparatively rare, while the hostility to organized religion and the distrust of the Church is very intense—the more intense perhaps because the more reasoned. In many cases devotion to socialism seems to have taken the place of religion; and an investigation of the religious situation would prove far more fruitful if it directed itself more specifically to the causes of the alienation of the thinking worker rather than to a general indiscriminating survey of impressions about a mass of men who were living under abnormal conditions of strain and stress.

One confesses to some occasional irritation in reading "The Army and Religion," due to a certain complacent assumption that the traditional religious synthesis with its dogmatic superstructure is still valid. It is indeed admitted that there is need for intelligible theological restatement; but this is after all to put the cart before the horse. The prior question is whether the conventional evangelical experience is true to the essential New Testament type. What Mr. Bernard Shaw calls "salvationism" enters deeply into the current interpretations of Christianity; and it undoubtedly tends to deflect the religious experience from its true pole. Similarly the eschatological and sacerdotal elements in the Christianity we are familiar with are, at least in their present form, hardly consistent with what appears to be the essential and permanent elements of Christian faith and practice. Most certainly it is idle to discuss how we shall expound the Trinity and the Incarnation to men who possess no actuality of religious experience upon which such expositions can congruously and intelligibly rest.

But what emerges most plainly from a reading of these books is the question whether the conditions which they describe do not have a common origin. After all, what we are confronted with is not specifically indifference to religion, but indifference to pretty well everything outside the circle of creature comfort and self-gratification. Of course, to a large generalization of this kind there must be many exceptions, but in the main it is true that society has as yet been able to persuade only a few of its members to be really interested in it, or in anything except their own creature concerns. What we are facing is a tragic failure in education; and here is the key to our problems. So long as we tolerate an educational system which leaves three-quarters of our people in a condition of mental inertia, we shall look in vain for any kind of new world. The Sheffield group is right. It *is* a problem of education, the right kind and scale of education. Hitherto education has been governed by a pernicious doctrine of minimums. We have asked how little education we need to give to make the individual a self-supporting economic unit; and in general that education has been deemed best which is soonest done with. But we shall have to change all that and demand an education which will enable every individual to rise to the full level of his human possibilities; and that kind of education is an education the alpha and omega of which is the quickening of social vision.

The German Socialists

German Social Democracy during the War. By Edward Bevan. E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE German socialists are often denounced (socialists in other countries less often) for having betrayed their "principles" by voting the war credits and supporting the war. Although it is, or should be, well known that the German socialists came out strongly against war in the critical July days, and openly asserted that if war came the Austrian and German governments would be responsible for it, the fact which is fastened upon for exploitation in conservative circles is that the German socialists as a whole stood loyally by the government, and if they did not approve of all of its policies, at least never made more than a perfunctory opposition to them. Mr. Bevan has done a distinct service to English readers in enabling them to see for themselves what precisely was the attitude of the German socialists towards the war, and to what extent and on what terms they actually supported or opposed the Government in every period from the beginning to the accession of Count Hertling as Chancellor. The story is based upon a careful study of the German newspapers and other first-hand sources; and it is clearly told with a wealth of quotation, and without noticeable bias either for or against the socialists, or for or against the Germans and their allies.

In respect to voting war credits, once the war was begun, a point often forgotten is that the socialist leaders had, like other leaders, their soldier constituents to consider. On this point Mr. Bevan quotes an illuminating letter from a socialist named König, which was printed in the *Vossische Zeitung* at the opening of the war:

"Dittman and I travelled from Dortmund to Berlin to attend the Party meeting . . . at which the question of voting the war credits was to be decided. . . . I shall never forget the crowded incidents of those days. I saw reservists join the colors and go forth singing Social Democratic songs! Some Social reservists I knew said to me: 'We are going to the front with an easy mind, because we know the Party will look after us if we are wounded, and that the Party will take care of our families if we don't come home.' Just before the train started for Berlin, a group of reservists said to me: 'König, you're going to Berlin, to the *Reichstag;* think of us there; see to it that we have all we need; *don't be stingy in voting money.* . . . We came to the conclusion that the Party was absolutely bound to vote the credits."

Apart from the desire of the soldiers themselves, socialist leaders must have been well aware of the possibility, the probability indeed, of socialist soldiers being discriminated against

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at the front if socialist leaders refused to vote supplies in the Reichstag.

The slow process by which the Independent Social Democratic Party was established is brought out by Mr. Bevan very clearly. That the Independents were a small group is well known; it is less well known that they included only a part of those who from the first refused to vote for war credits. In the early months only Leibknecht, and later Rühle, voted against the credits; but in addition some thirty members refused to vote at all. It was to preserve party unity that they refused to vote, the caucus decision of the party being in favor of voting the credits. But in August, 1915, as the Thirty sat in an adjoining room while the voting was going on, "the feeling came up strongly among them," according to Bernstein, "that they were playing a sorry farce." This feeling was strong enough to carry twenty of the dissentients over to Liebknecht's practice of voting against the credits in December, 1915; at which time twenty-two others followed the old plan of absenting themselves, thus bringing the total of those who refused to sanction the credits up to forty-four members. The outcome of the December vote was that seventeen members, including Haase, were declared by the Party caucus to have "forfeited the rights which arise out of membership in the Group"; and the seventeen forthwith constituted themselves a separate group under the title of the Social Democratic Labor Fellowship. This action constituted not a new party, but only a new group in the Reichstag; and until the Gotha Conference in April, 1917, socialist politics turned mainly upon the effort of the minority to capture the party machinery in the local constituencies. Failing to achieve that object, 143 delegates met at the Gotha Conference and there proclaimed a new socialist party to be known as The Independent Social-Democratic Party of Germany.

Meantime the growth of the Independent movement, together with the experience of the delegates to the Stockholm Conference, forced the Majority Party to adopt a more aggressive policy. Scheidemann learned at Stockholm, much to his surprise apparently, that by the outside world Germany was being "consigned to the lowest depths of hell"; and he came back with the "conviction" that the war could never be ended "until Germany is completely democratized." The Majority Party accordingly began to bring pressure on the Government to adopt a policy of domestic political reform and to moderate its war aims. "Peace without annexations" became the socialist cry, and in the summer of 1917 the radical parties, with the aid of the Center, were able to force the resignation of Bethmann-Holweg (July 14). The seriousness of the "crisis" is revealed in the fact that by the middle of July sixty-two socialist constituencies had gone over to the Independents, while in nineteen others the Independents had strong rival organizations. After the accession of Michaelis as Chancellor the movement toward the Independents declined.

While the division into Independents and Majority parties was the main one, it is not to be supposed that there was perfect solidarity within these two parties. In March, 1916, the *Volksstimme* of Chemnitz distinguished six more or less distinct divisions within the Minority group; and in April of the same year the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* enumerated nine divisions within the Majority group. The distinctions often strike one as extremely refined, but they indicate at all events that the German socialists did their own thinking in the war to a much greater extent than we have in this country commonly given them credit for. In an excellent chapter Mr. Bevan analyzes the differences of opinion, and he finds that the German socialists may be roughly grouped according to four basic ideas with respect to war in general. These ideas he has stated syllogistically, thus: (a) Socialists ought always to support their state in war; therefore the German socialists ought to support Germany in this war; (b) Socialists ought to support their state in a defensive war only; therefore, since this is for Germany a defensive war, socialists ought to support Germany in this war; (c) Socialists ought not to support their state in an aggressive war; therefore, since this is for Germany an aggressive war, socialists ought not to support Germany in this war; (d) Socialists ought always (until the coming of the socialist régime) to oppose their state in war; therefore socialists ought not to support Germany in this war. The number of German socialists who would fall into the last group is very small; the number falling into the last two groups would be a decided minority.

Mr. Bevan deliberately confines his study to German socialists. A study of the activities and ideas of socialists in the Allied countries along the same lines is highly to be desired; and it would doubtless reveal much the same sort of division. At all events the most important conclusion to be drawn from Mr. Bevan's investigations is that, whatever their peace time professions may be, only a small minority of socialists are in fact prepared to place their allegiance to the principle of the class war above allegiance to the national group.

Books in Brief

NEARLY forty years' connection with an important publishing house gives Mr. William Webster Ellsworth an excellent right to recount his adventures among literary people in "A Golden Age of Authors" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Ellsworth believes that *The Century Magazine* "undoubtedly did more for the cause of American letters and a popular knowledge of good art than any other single force"; he goes back vicariously, through his father-in-law, to the days of Poe, and even further, it seems, in his own experience, to the days when Roswell Smith opened the annual meetings of the stockholders of the company with prayer; and he has set down his memories with gusto and with a large range of information. Where there is so much affection it is perhaps vain to look for a more critical attitude. The merits of the book lie in its cheerful and candid gossip. Mr. Ellsworth's facts and figures about "The Century Dictionary," "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln," and the suppressed interview with the Kaiser are of genuine interest. And there are capital stories: of that hermit thrush of American art, Timothy Cole; of Robert Louis Stevenson turned away—and lost to *The Century*—by an office boy; of the $2,500 stallion which came between The Century Company and Jack London; of H. G. Wells's letter acknowledging the likeness between Mr. Britling and his earthly creator; of meetings with Charles G. Stewart, to whose brilliant and neglected "Fugitivé Blacksmith" this book has taken the reviewer for the first time. Mary Mapes Dodge, told that Maxfield Parrish's "Indian Boy" was really a boy and not a girl, as she had thought, said to Parrish: "Well, I call it a young boy just bursting into womanhood." And some religious newspaper or other said of one of Mrs. Deland's books—this was, of course, after the appearance of "John Ward, Preacher"—that "the blasphemy of Ingersoll and the obscenity of Zola met in its pages."

FOR the ruminant student, whether of art, literature, or history, there is rich pasture for browsing in the "Historical Portraits" (Clarendon Press) of which two new volumes, III and IV of the series, cover the period from 1700 to 1850. The selection of the portraits by Emery Walker could hardly be improved, though one could wish in a few instances that the demands of space had allowed the inclusion of the full portrait rather than a portion however well-selected, as in the case of Raeburn's Duncan of Camperdown. The reproductions are all that one could ask of modern photographic engraving, none of the resources of which have been neglected to make them as nearly perfect as they are. They vary as they must with the nature of the subject, but all in all they are remarkable for

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brilliance and fineness of detail, and, in everything but color, fidelity to the painter's work, even to brush-work in many cases. To many a layman these books will open a new vista in art. One who follows the skilful and interesting introduction by C. F. Bell with the portraits as illustrations will find an art which he may have considered as merely a harmless necessary craft with some accidental decorative aspects, rounding into "periods" and "manners" and joining hands with other branches of art, and with history and civilization. The vista opens down a hundred and fifty years, lined with English faces of all types except those that lack distinction. Faces to which the painter has given distinction as a gift are exceptional. More often his tendency was towards reducing the individuality in the faces of his sitters to conform to the fashionable type, and in the general effect to conform with the classic scheme (in the period when the scheme was classic) of the rooms in which the portraits were hung. But for the most part we may judge that the painters "looked people shrewdly between the eyes, and surprised their manners in their faces." There are many instances here in which we read in portraits more than we have found in many books, and find them (again in Stevenson's phrase) "racier than many anecdotes, and more complete than many a volume of sententious memoirs." Even without the colors, and with photography, engraving, and press-work between us and the canvases, we get an ineradicably vivid impression of human personality from such faces as Reynolds shows of Thomas Warton, Sir Edward Hughes, and Admiral Boscawen, from Dance's portraits of Captain Cook and Lord Clive, from Allan Ramsay's of Flora Macdonald. The lives by C. R. L. Fletcher are an excellent match to the portraits; they are rapid and clear cut in characterization, closely packed but not heavy, and well proportioned.

THE influence of geography and climate upon history was first extensively studied by Jean Bodin; it was then taken up by Montesquieu; and now a third Frenchman, M. Franz Schrader, gives us under the title "The Foundations of Geography in the Twentieth Century" (Herbertson Memorial Lecture, Clarendon Press) an interesting disquisition on the same subject. It is when the play of these larger influences on the development of mankind is appreciated that history is seen most nearly, as Spinoza dreamed it should be, "sub specie æternitatis." Truly we survey it thus not as men but as gods, with so boundless a perspective of time and space, so sure an insight into causes above the battles and beyond the feverish interests of the day, that we seem to have been transported to another planet. For it is not in the little that we can see truly and even foresee, but in the large; how man's destiny has been shaped not, as he fondly imagines, by the little push and pull of his own genius and desires, but by the geologic convulsions that have formed the continents and by the currents of the oceans and the winds. It is the great factors that we overlook; the small ones that we see. What personality, what war, what race has molded the life of Europe like one simple, natural thing that is scarce mentioned in any history: the Gulf Stream? Divert this current and Europe would be as cold as Labrador or as arid as the Sahara. M. Schrader endeavors to deduce history from his thesis in more detail than is perhaps warranted by the facts. It comes almost as a shock to see him detect geographical and climatic causes for the Great War. Doubtless these factors were necessary conditions of the conflict as of all other historic phenomena, but can they be pressed so far? The investigator should emulate the prudence of the colored preacher who remarked that "having given de heads of his sermons he would not go into de-tails."

THE maturest account yet published of life in a German military prison is the work of a very young author. Alec Waugh, whose war book, "The Prisoners of Mainz" (Doran), follows close upon his first novel, "The Loom of Youth," and his first volume of verse, "Resentment," has a twofold advantage over such of his British comrades in arms as have written up their adventures: he had no adventures, and he knows how to say so. He was a lieutenant in the Machine Gun Corps, but he was not what is called a man of action; like thousands of lieutenants in the great war, he was something of a poet. With a vision that to his superiors, had they been aware of it at all, would have seemed disconcertingly clear, he went to France in the Spring of 1918, was captured, was conveyed to the citadel of Mainz, was held there until the armistice, and was then sent quietly home through Holland, all without witnessing one sensationally evil act on the part of the enemy. Being young, he might have believed that he saw worse things than he did; but being also incapable of any blindness, least of all the blindness of hate, he only saw what passed before his eyes. He never denies that there might have been more to see elsewhere; we are convinced he missed nothing at Mainz. Certain familiar features of the standard war narratives are conspicuously absent here. Mr. Waugh was never badly treated; his keepers were without venom as they were without humor. The population of the province of Baden-Hessen, which was starving, and which frankly and pitifully longed for peace, was not obsessed by a loathing for the British. Inside the prison life went rather smoothly on. No one escaped, since that was impossible. Of those Tom Sawyers who tried, the first were cheered as heroes, but the last were damned as nuisances who caused unnecessary searching and seizing and penalizing. Mr. Waugh never made the attempt, but observed his neighbors to considerable purpose and wrote two-thirds of a novel. His Colonel Westcott and his Captain Frobisher have a vitality that belongs to fiction; his picture of the prison wits who disdained the proverbial but pathetic pastimes of wood-carving and manicuring and created a living theatre of their own deserves to stand as evidence that though wars seem long art and fun are longer.

THE softest word one can say relative to "Conscience and Fanaticism" by George Pitt-Rivers (McBride and Company) is to commend its title—a really capital collocation, full of promise and invitation; it is such a title as with Montaigne or Hume or William James would have led to some new and striking illumination of human nature. With Mr. George Pitt-Rivers it leads to nothing more than annoyance at wasted time in the reading. The author is apparently one of those humorless egoists who gather a sense of self-importance from the seriousness with which they take their own ideas and who have no aptitude for distinguishing their well-seated prejudices from facts and reasons. In this case the primary prejudice is against Christianity, especially as represented by "priests" who discuss morals, and for "Truth," worshipped but not defined, and "science," especially as represented by "psychological research," Haeckel's monism, and "cosmic suggestion." The purpose of the book is to show that the idea of conscience is a cloak for fanaticism and that moral values do not presuppose a theistic (or other) god. The conception is developed with the skill, and with a background of about the reading, of a socially awakened undergraduate, and the book no doubt has served the good (but not necessarily printable) service of relieving the author's mind. Obviously possessed of a qualm as to the reception of his work, in the preface Mr. Pitt-Rivers tactfully suggests the comparison of himself to Hume, whose "Treatise of Human Nature" failed "even to excite a murmur among the zealots." Possibly this note may be the murmur which will belie the comparison.

IF history does not repeat itself, it repeats at least a general pattern. The past five years have seen in thoughtful journals many demonstrations of the startling likeness of causes and conditions in our great war to those of famous conflicts in the past: Italy and the Huns, Rome and Carthage, Athens and Sparta. To Gilbert Murray in "Aristophanes and the War Party" (Allen and Unwin), the Creighton Lecture for 1918, first published in 1919, we are indebted for a more extended and

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penetrating study than usual of war conditions in the Athens of Pericles and Cleon. In these pages many a reader will see occurring twenty-three hundred years ago, on a smaller scale but with quite as much vividness and moment to the parties concerned, circumstances which he had taken for granted were peculiar to the war of the present generation. The Peloponnesian war, too, was a world war, so far as the Hellenic peoples were concerned; it was the greatest war in history; it was the most destructive and the most ferocious; it was a war between a great sea power and a great land power; the talk of the time about scarcity of oil, food, and fuel, and the lack of young men, the charge that Sparta was morally bankrupt, the interpretation of the whole conflict as a war between the ideas of democracy and oligarchy, the logic that foresaw the decay and ruin of civilization unless peace were made—might all have belonged to our own war. But there were also differences: there was so little terror of the censorship that Cleon while in control could be spoken of publicly as "the whale that keeps a public-house and has a voice like a pig on fire"; the peace party actually prevailed, but for only a short time, and the war went inevitably on for the full twenty-seven years; and it was the side that represented efficiency, brute force, militarism, and oligarchy that triumphed. But that was not the end of the story; time has shown that Athenian civilization was victorious in spite of defeat, and that the boasted Spartan polity was only an eddy by the margin of the stream of progress.

"M. GABRIEL FAURE'S "Heures d'Italie," which has recently appeared in an anonymous translation, evidently of British origin, under the title "Wanderings in Italy" (Houghton Mifflin), is not so good a book as M. Bourget's "Sensations d'Italie," with which one naturally compares it; but it has a charm of its own and a charm that is not unlike that of M. Bourget's little masterpiece. It is, on the whole, interpretative rather than descriptive, though there is plenty of vivid description. Deliberately avoiding tourist-ridden Tuscany and the region about Rome, M. Faure guides the traveller into many little-known cities and villages of the Veneto, Lombardy, Emilia, Umbria, and the *terra redenta*, in each of which he is sure to find some neglected or forgotten beauty of nature or art. The notable pictures of the various churches and museums are described in sufficient detail and with an inclusiveness of taste that embraces in its admiration schools of painting so diverse as those of Venice and Umbria. Only the school of Bologna is beyond its comprehension, and this defect should be counted to M. Faure for artistic righteousness. The translation is—what most English translations from the French are not—idiomatic and fluent, though with occasional lapses. "Rich and supple carnations," for example, as applied to the flesh-tints of Raphael's Virgins, is neither accurate nor intelligible. Italian names and quotations are not always correctly given, but this should perhaps be laid at the hospitable door of the proofreader. It should be added that one of the charms of the book is the abundance of apt quotation from Dante, D'Annunzio, Carducci, and that very unsacerdotal poet, the Abbé Louis Le Cardonnel.

ALL the Slavic peoples seem able to write stories that are easy, lucid, simple, and revealing. Mrs. Edna Worthley Underwood's "Short Stories from the Balkans" (Marshall Jones) ranges, too, over a wide ground. "Easter Candles," for instance, by the Rumanian J. L. Caragiale, is a feverish tale of cold ferocity; "Brother Cœlestin," by the Czech Yaroslav Vrchlichy, mingles sensuality and piety in about the proportion which confused St. Anthony; "Foolish Jona," by Jan Neruda, also a Czech, is a pathetic little episode that might be more tragic if its hero was less an idiot; the two stories by the Hungarian Koloman Mikszáth hover between irony and fantasy; the two by the Croatian Xaver Sandor-Gjalski excel by their presentation of such virtuous and charming daughters of the people as only Slavic fiction presents. Somewhat closer to the French tradition of, say, Mérimée, are A. von Vestendorf's "Furor Illyricus," a vendetta story of the Montenegrin border, and Joachim Friedenthal's "A Pogrom in Poland," which last has however the color of a region beyond the Central Empires. It is this Balkan color which remains the most striking impression of the book. One remembers the bold hues that invaded our ribbons and scarfs and girdles in 1912 or thereabouts. During the seven years since, America has grown more familiar with the Balkan communities, but they are still strange enough to make this group of stories seem a little phantasmagoric, glowing and swiftly passing in a pageant of village priests, mountain brigands, unaccustomed viands, forever tortured Jews, yellow-slippered Mussulmen, nargilehs, fezes, giant rosaries, troikas, black beards, crossed trouser straps, silver coat buckles, nightingales, bride crowns, rapacious and ferocious Cossacks, wandering fiddlers, gold-worked saddles—raptures and passions and radiance and cruelty and dirt all narrated in the most flexible and intelligible language.

"THOUGHT and affliction, passion, hell itself, they turn to favor and to prettiness"—such is the impression one gets from reading some of the mediæval poems in which the most appalling subjects are treated with childlike beauty. To this known literature, rough, racy, naïve, full of sap, a quite precious fragment has been added by Dr. L. A. Willoughby's edition of the Middle High German poem of the thirteenth century, "Von dem jungesten Tage" (Oxford University Press). The author of the poem, probably a Franciscan friar, enumerates the signs that shall precede the day of judgment, recounts how the last trump sounds, how the dead arise, and the sinners are overcome with fear and despair. Then follows a variation of a favorite theme, a debate between the soul and the body, the former bitterly reproaching the latter with devotion to pleasure:

> Essen, trinken, lachen vil,
> Singen, springen was dein spil.

But now, alas! the tables are turned and the devil will torment the body and truss it like a fowl! After this episode, man comes before his Judge; the wicked are condemned in the simple words of the gospel and are consigned to the pains of a hell depicted in the most horrifying colors; and finally the good are welcomed by the Savior's loving words—among the elect a prominent place being taken by the preaching friars. The realism is so simple and the moral purpose so patent that one naturally compares the poem with the earliest pictures of the Last Day, where Christ is painted sitting on a rainbow with Mary and John the Baptist kneeling on either hand as intercessors against his frightful wrath. This ethical feeling was lost even by the time of Michelangelo, of whose Last Judgment Shelley wrote that in this picture God was "eagerly enjoying the final scene of the infernal tragedy he set the universe to act."

A SPLENDID example of Japanese typography is the recently issued folio volume edited by Tokihidi Nagayama, Director of the Nagasaki Library, and entitled "Album of Historical Materials" (Akita-ken: Kenzo Ikeda). It comprises 130 plates, several of which embrace more than one of the 149 illustrations; on the fly-leaves are explanatory notes in English, besides the original Japanese text. To all who are interested in things Japanese this work is one of permanent value. Of especial importance are the contemporary pictures illustrating the relations of Japan with the two great rivals in the Levant during the seventeenth century, Portugal, and Holland. The larger part of those referring to the Portuguese concern the missionary activity of the Jesuits, who made for a time astonishing progress in Christianizing Japan. However, as the means employed were to a considerable extent political, the work was swept away by a reaction of the national spirit, and the unfortunate converts were either massacred or forced to abjure their faith. To this refer a number of curious reproductions of Roman Catholic ikons destined for the ceremony of "figure-treading," in which the renegades were forced to trample on

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such ikons as a visible sign of their renunciation of Christianity. The pictures concerning the Dutch are of a different cast, and portray the factories they established in Japan (there were also a number of Portuguese factories there) and the entertainments offered by these shrewd traders to their Japanese friends. Several of these latter pictures concern the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, and it is surprising to note how successful the artists have been in depicting the Dutch merchants, both as to costume and physiognomy.

THE revised and enlarged edition of George Wharton Edwards's "Holland of Today" (Penn Publishing Company) has a touch of timeliness in its preface, which gives a brief account of the attitude of the Dutch during the War and a description of Amerongen Castle. But neither these nor the reference in the preface to the discontent of Dutchmen at the reputation for quaintness which their country cannot live down will notably advance the position of the Netherlands in this regard. What really interested Mr. Edwards ten years ago interests him still: the color and charm of Dutch life, as viewed in its ancient memorials whether of architecture or popular custom. Even in such matters he is satisfied with the more widely known aspects of the land and its people, unacquainted, it seems, with the fine sand and pines of Gelderland, with the red roofs of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney died, and even with the intensely Dutch town of Apeldoorn and its royal château, Het Loo. After all, however, the Holland of yesterday will probably long continue to fascinate the reading and travelling public; and to this Mr. Edwards, much more by his graceful pictures than by his very ordinary prose, is a pleasant guide.

A YEAR has passed since the German retreat and the recovery of the lost provinces, but still we have to reckon with an undiminished host of books on Alsace-Lorraine. Among these lucubrations, intended to convince by dusty masses of historical data, it is pleasant to come upon a volume which convinces by the living facts—a volume which tells the story of the reception given the French armies in the "miraculous days" which followed the signing of the armistice. This is the subject of "Les Heures Merveilleuses d'Alsace et de Lorraine" by Louis Madelin (Paris: Hachette). An eminent scholar in the historical field—his "French Revolution" was crowned by the Academy—Lieutenant Madelin had the privilege of witnessing at first hand, and with the first witnesses, the never-to-be-forgotten days which saw the entrance of the French troops into the delivered cities. In a vivid narrative style, although supported everywhere by adequate documentation, he relates the welcome given to the victorious generals, to Marshal Foch and to President Poincaré, the delirious joy among the people, the long-continued celebrations, the festivities organized everywhere to commemorate the return to France. Brought up in the spirit of French Lorraine, M. Madelin had lectured in these cities before 1914, and he naturally brings out the spirit of latent revolt—the essentially French spirit beneath the constraint of German rule—which alone would account for the suddenness of the transformation in the days of the reincorporation.

WHEN the Jewry of Western Europe obtained its share of the fruits of the French Revolution, a new thesis became current with the changed political status. Some Jews felt that it was their duty to strip themselves of everything but creed and proclaim themselves Germans or Frenchmen of the Mosaic persuasion, developing as a corollary the notion that Israel was fortunately scattered among the nations to be an example of true religion and virtue to them. Today the Jewish world is divided between this anti-nationalist, anti-Palestine doctrine of the Reform rabbis of the nineteenth century and the old nationalist pro-Palestine doctrine which has its latest expression in the form of Zionism. These currents and counter-currents have become matters of immediate interest by reason of the British conquest of Palestine and the avowed British intention to act in Palestine as trustee for a revived Jewish Commonwealth. Professor Israel Friedlaender's "Past and Present" (Cincinnati: Ark Publishing Company) gives a warm and readable discussion of the subject in a group of lucid essays ranging from the great mediæval philosopher Maimonides to the modern Jewish thinkers Dubnow and Ahad Ha'am, and from a spirited protest against anti-Jewish exegesis of the Bible to a clarifying analysis of the controversies attending the recent notable American Jewish Congress.

SELF-DETERMINATION for suppressed personalities has been the net gain of women from the war, we have heard it said. "The Girl and the Job" (Holt), by Helen C. Hoerle and Florence B. Saltzberg, is intended to be a guide—and a mentor—to these emancipated personalities. It arrays before the bedazzled eyes of the young thing leaving school the possibility of finding her place in the sun as a detective or a florist, a real estate agent or a farmerette, an elevator runner or a bank clerk, or any of eighty-three different careers (according to our count; the publisher claims 300). The book solemnly urges every girl to take her career seriously, for "no girl can definitely count on matrimony." The introduction says that the purpose of the book is to aid teachers in advising their pupils, but the manner of the book impresses one as being designed for the pupils themselves. But it seems hardly fair to tell a school girl in this year of Our Lord that experts agree on $8.00 as the lowest wage on which a girl can be self-supporting, or that, for example, the paper-box industry, that scapegoat of minimum wage commissions, is one of the well-paid industries. Wages generally seem somewhat underestimated by the authors. We cannot help smiling at the proud place given at the head of the professional division to the "home-maker," a euphemism for the old-fashioned domestic servant, or at the glowing picture of her present high estate. If this section fails to recruit enough "home-makers" to solve the servant problem, girls are no longer sentimental—or are not reading the book.

PEOPLE are sick of war—at least for a few days—and while the sickness lasts Mrs. A. Russell Bond's "Inventions of the Great War" (Century), super-saturated with descriptions of ingenious devices aimed to destroy mankind, is not likely to be relished. A description of war-time inventions and discoveries which can be usefully applied in peace would have been a much worthier undertaking, and would certainly have proved of much greater value to the reader. Dakin's Chloramin-T has saved, and will continue to save, the lives of thousands. Gas-masks, with their charcoal soaked in soda lime, should prove a veritable boon to the miner. The substitution of helium for hydrogen in air-ships removes the greatest source of danger in the use of these vessels. The hydrophone bids fair to make collisions of ships at sea a thing of the past. The book, however, though written in May, 1919, still bristles with "Huns," and the machine gun, the tank, the submarine, and poison gas are all discussed with rare gusto, and by no means without interest. Sir William Ramsay, the most celebrated among modern English chemists, appears as Sir William Ramsey.

MR. RICHARD L. MORTON'S "The Negro in Virginia Politics, 1865-1902" (University of Virginia Press) is the outgrowth of the author's studies at the University of Virginia while holding the Phelps-Stokes fellowship for the study of the Negro. Except for the years 1885-1902, Mr. Morton has been able to do little more than supplement Pearson's "Readjuster Movement in Virginia" and Eckenrode's "Political History of Virginia During Reconstruction." Nevertheless, from the files of the Richmond newspapers and from the journals of the General Assembly and of the various constitutional conventions, many interesting details as to party leaders and measures have

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NOTABLE DORAN BOOKS

"MARSE HENRY" Recollections of Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History, by HENRY WATTERSON. The publication of Henry Watterson's memoirs under the affectionate soubriquet by which he is known to thousands is something of an event for Americans. For fifty years, as editor and owner of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Henry Watterson's uncompromising Americanism, fearlessness, and intimate knowledge of our social and political history, have made him equally feared and beloved. In "MARSE HENRY" we follow him from the time he stood at Lincoln's elbow during the inaugural address down through the eventful years when as a national figure, he was intimately associated with great events and other famous people. Memoirs which will long be cherished because in a lively and flavorsome way they commemorate a brilliant and eventful period in American life. Two volumes boxed. Octavo. Net, $10.00

FATHER DUFFY'S STORY by FRANCIS P. DUFFY, Chaplain of the 165th Infantry, is the most brilliant padre's story of the war. Here is the whole history of the famous 69th Regiment in dramatic form, set down day by day just as things happened. The beloved Chaplain knew his men; he was one of them, and his pages are literally filled with their names and references to brave, touching and amusing incidents. There is an historical appendix by Joyce Kilmer. Illustrated. Octavo. Net, $2.50

BROOME STREET STRAWS by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY, Author of Walking-Stick Papers, etc., is about people and things, essays that range from Indiana to London, from books to boarding houses, full of the delightful flavor, the original slant of mind that sets in a class apart anything by the author of WALKING-STICK PAPERS. Net, $2.00

THE VITAL MESSAGE by A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of THE NEW REVELATION, etc., is an answer to the eternal question, "Are the Dead Really Dead?" Sir Arthur has spent his life, since the death of his son, investigating the problem of life after death. Net, $1.25

PEEPS AT PEOPLE by ROBERT CORTES HOLLIDAY, is a book of people, the sort one meets every day in the year and never really knows. Through the eyes of "America's most original man of letters," one becomes that pleasant thing, an amateur of people. An orchestra seat at the romantic comedy of life. Net $1.25

THIS GIDDY GLOBE by OLIVER HERFORD, Author of THE LAUGHING WILLOW, etc., is guaranteed to contain more unheard-of information about the earth and its inhabitants than has ever leaked out since the parts were stitched together at the Peace Conference. Amusingly illustrated by the author. Net, $1.50

MINCE PIE by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, Author of SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE, etc., is a delectable concoction of essays by the author of THE HAUNTED BOOK SHOP and SONGS FOR A LITTLE HOUSE. Clean, lively, pungent bits of prose surcharged with a full and tasty humor. Net, $1.50

THE BOOK OF A NATURALIST by W. H. HUDSON, author of GREEN MANSIONS, etc., is made up of familiar informal talk on the little people of the woods and fields. 8vo. Net, $3.50

A LOITERER IN NEW ENGLAND by HELEN W. HENDERSON, author of A LOITERER IN NEW YORK, is the picturesque story of its towns, its art treasures and romances. Profusely illustrated, 8vo. Net, $5.00

DANGEROUS DAYS by MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, author of THE AMAZING INTERLUDE, K, etc., is a romance of fine proportions, clear-visioned, absorbing. It deals with the crisis in married life when the inequality of spirit in husband and wife puts affection to the test. Net, $1.60

THE YOUNG VISITERS is by DAISY ASHFORD, with a preface by J. M. BARRIE. Nine-year-old Daisy's novel has captured the hearts of two continents. It is declared to be "the funniest book in the world." Net, $1.00

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, author of OF HUMAN BONDAGE, is the audacious story of a genius. It is "A new sort of novel," says the Philadelphia Press. Net, $1.75

JEREMY is by HUGH WALPOLE, author of THE SECRET CITY, etc. "JEREMY is a jolly book," writes Mrs. Gerould in the New York Sun. "We are excited; we *do* turn the pages in hope or fear, we want to know what comes next." Net, $1.75

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been drawn. The greatest shortcoming of the author lies in his failure to relate the political history to the social and economic background. He gives an accurate history of Virginia politics since the close of the Civil War, but that history suggests to him no new ideas. He holds the traditional Virginian belief, best known from Page's "Red Rock," that all race troubles are due to Thaddeus Stevens and the carpet-bag régime. The brief summary here given of the slavery period is often inaccurate. Whatever may have been true before 1835, it is certainly not true that after that time "most Virginians were abolitionists" in any sense of the word. In spite of these defects, however, the book gives a reliable account of later Virginia political history. It contains an excellent index, some valuable maps, and a useful bibliography.

Books for Children

SINCE the child is destined always to be a recipient and is expected to be gratifyingly grateful for the array that Christmas sets before him, *The Nation* begs the privilege of interceding in the child's behalf, and advising the bringer of gifts. Instead of investing in the latest toy war-tank, or the giraffe descendant of the teddy bear, the adult giver might do well to defer his own taste to that of the child and let his Christmas gift be a fairy book. A "drive" for educating parents was heralded by posters recently as Children's Book Week. Bookstalls set forth the rich array of gift editions, illustrated reprints, and new volumes. One shop carried the modern methods of propaganda so far as to enliven the children's book room with phonograph nursery songs, and while a conscientious aunt tried to concentrate on a wise selection, she was startled to hear the shrill words, "'I'm going a-milking, sir,' she said," followed by the loud mooing of a cow!

There are nearly a score of thoroughly good books this winter, which should be enough to keep the family going till spring, without recourse to the more numerous second-rate productions. The first selection among the new books should be a present to the whole family—"Roosevelt's Letters to His Children" (reviewed in *The Nation* in the issue of December 6). For the children themselves the first choice will be David Blaize and the Blue Door" (Doran) by E. P. Benson. David is six, and is making the most of the short time left him before the sleepiness of the grown-ups will fall upon him. Under the guidance of the flame-cats which dance about the hearth, David escapes through the blue door that leads to things worth exploring. All the Noah's Ark folk and the games from the cupboard bear David company, and the flame-cats generously ask him to share their mouse-marmalade as a beginning to his inspiriting adventures. David is much the same lovable little lad as Gibby of "The Sandman's Forest," and his poetic encounter with the birds, when he gets his flying certificate, reminds one of W. H. Hudson's "Little Boy Lost." But David is, above all, David and a delight. He is as real and as irresistible as Alice. Later editions, it is to be hoped, will be adequately illustrated. The present pictures are an annoyance.

Two fairy books will go hand-in-hand straight into the affections of young readers. Ethel M. Gates has the story-teller's art in high degree, and in her "Tales from the Secret Kingdom" (Yale University Press) she leads her readers tiptoe and breathless through magic scenes. Her fancy is delicate and true. While her imagination plays merry capers and her inventiveness is unfailing, there is a dignity and a distinction about these fairy tales that fits them to become classics. The silhouettes and the enchanting silver-and-black cover by Katharine Buffum set the tales forth most fittingly. The only pity is that they have not a better title. "The Firelight Fairy Book" (Atlantic Monthly Press), by Henry B. Beston, through title, cover, and content whispers persuasively to the imagination, although one wonders at the white binding of a volume destined to be fondled by grubby hands. The tales themselves are quite what they should be, though lacking the master touch of Miss Gates. Maurice Day's pictures, with their strange boats, resplendent clouds, and wayward trees, are not only superb in color, but belong wholly to the realm of child fancy. A particularly good collection of stories from odd corners of the world is Katharine Pyle's "Tales of Folk and Fairies" (Little Brown), to which the story-teller adds charming illustrations by her own brush and pen.

Wonderland, not fairyland, is the scene of "A Journey to the Garden Gate" (Houghton Mifflin), but it has none of the gay whimsy of the land beyond David's Blue Door. Ralph M. Townsend is a loyal though uninspired disciple of Lewis Carroll. It is perhaps a sign of the times that a modern little Prudence Ann, whose dreams carried her to an ant village, would enter political life and become fire commissioner to the insects, but the fun of the story is on an adult scale and only small bits of it will sift through to its proper audience. The pictures, by Milo Winter, are of delicious color, and more dream-like than the story itself.

Brownies and kobolds have stirred the pot in many a nursery tale, but to degrade all fairy folk to pot-boilers is an exploitation that children should resent. Certain publishers have had great faith in striking while Belgium is hot, but even the most responsive purchaser will be disappointed in the made-to-order, hand-carved-bone sprites in "Belgian Fairy Tales" (Crowell). This collection by Dr. William Elliot Griffis is informative, but imaginative it is not.

Animal stories often vie in popularity with fairy tales, but the present showing is not large. "Ben, the Battle Horse" (Holt) begins like a new Black Beauty, but turns out disappointingly as a mere war story. Walter A. Dyer, who writes as the intimate friend of horse and dog, sets our expectations high in his opening chapters about the Kentucky horse. But Ben soon recedes before a journalistic account of our Marines in France, which fills the body of the book. This disappointment is ill-atoned for by the spectacular climax. Ben, bought by the Government and sent to France, when galloping riderless across No-Man's Land finds his pre-war master wounded and alone, lies down to let him mount, and gallops with him, ahead of the on-rushing Germans, to safety and glory. "Elephant Stories" (Century), retold from *St. Nicholas*, serves only to emphasize the present commonplaceness of that magazine, by contrast with its earlier distinction. "Bird Gossip" might be a happier title than "The Burgess Bird Book for Children" (Little Brown) for these conversations of Peter Rabbit, Jennie Wren, and their neighbors. At least this is not a Bedtime Story; it is a wide-awake account of birds and their habits which will instruct children and may even amuse them. But the pity is that Thornton W. Burgess sees fit to clothe his knowledge in such cheap-jack garments, that he seeks to educate children through mediocre English, that he degrades his furred and feathered friends to the level of "ornery" mortals. The somewhat harsh illustrations by Louis Agassiz Fuertes have suffered at the hands of the color printer; young observers may therefore have difficulty in matching the real with the pictured bird.

The younger children, whose books should have the first consideration, usually fare worse than their elders. Why, for instance, should one put into their hands such a commonplace and unlovely volume as "John Martin's Big Book for Little Folks" (Houghton Mifflin), or the crudely illustrated little colored books put forth by Henry Altemus, whose one virtue is their small size? Even "With the Little Folks" (Houghton Mifflin) by Isa L. Wright is not to be commended, for though the use of repetition may attract mere babies, parents will be apt to find the stories sentimental and the moralizing dangerous. The pictures, likewise, are regrettable. But while all these are passed by, let no one miss "Uncle Zeb and His Friends" (Atlantic Monthly Press) by Edward W. Frentz. It is long since

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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS BOOKS

The Revelation of John

By SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE, Professor of Early Church History and New Testament Interpretation, the University of Chicago. $2.00, postpaid $2.15. The central idea of the book is to explain the meaning of Revelation as its author intended it to be understood by those to whom it was first addressed. Few people know when or why it was written, and its specific reference to a millennium, has made it much quoted in support of strange theories about the imminent end of the world. Especial attention is given to the explanation of such items as the "Beast," the anticipated end of the world, the millennium, and the new Jerusalem.

The New Orthodoxy

By EDWARD SCRIBNER AMES, Associate Professor of Philosophy, the University of Chicago. $1.00, postpaid $1.10. Every person dissatisfied with the scholastic faith of traditional Protestantism will find this volume exceedingly helpful. This book seeks to present in simple terms a view of religion consistent with the mental habits of those trained in the sciences, in the professions, and in the direction of practical affairs.

Outlines of Chinese Art

By JOHN CALVIN FERGUSON, Adviser to the Chinese Government. $3.00, postpaid $3.15. This volume embraces six lectures delivered at the Art Institute, Chicago. The author presents in a most interesting way a comprehensive survey of Chinese art. Profusely illustrated.

The Psychology of Religion

By GEORGE ALBERT COE, Professor of Religious Education, Union Theological Seminary. $1.50, postpaid $1.65. It analyzes religious phenomena from the point of view of both the structural and functional methods. Religion is made to appear as a progressive realization of a society of personal selves. A keen analysis of religion in its individual and social processes.

Current Economic Problems (*Revised Edition*)

Edited by WALTON H. HAMILTON, Professor of Economic Institutions, Amherst College. $3.50, postpaid $3.75. A selection of readings from the widest range of sources. The revision presents new material made available as a result of the war, and the new point of view brought about by the war in many lines of thinking on economic subjects.

A Manual for Writers

By JOHN M. MANLY, Head of the Department of English, the University of Chicago, and John A. Powell. $1.25, postpaid $1.40. A book designed to aid all who are concerned with the writing of good English.

A Manual of Style (*Revised Edition*)

By the Staff of the University of Chicago Press. $1.50, postpaid $1.65. An invaluable handbook for writers, editors, teachers, librarians, ministers, lawyers, printers, publishers, proofreaders—for all who need guidance on matters of propriety of style.

Readings in Industrial Society

If you are interested in the great problems of industrial society you should read this book. Edited by L. C. MARSHALL, Dean of the School of Commerce and Education of the University of Chicago. $3.50, postpaid $3.75. Contains selections from the writings of two hundred leaders in the field of economics. American Industries calls it "the best discussion of the Industrial question."

Food Poisoning

By EDWIN OAKES JORDAN, Chairman of the Department of Hygiene and Bacteriology, the University of Chicago. $1.00, postpaid $1.10. This book presents in an interesting and readable manner the results of a thorough investigation into the extent of food poisoning. Housekeepers, nurses, physicians, as well as the victims of organic "attacks of indigestion," will find in the pages of this volume material of great value.

How the Bible Grew

By FRANK G. LEWIS, Crozer Theological Seminary. $1.50, postpaid $1.65. The first single work to record the growth of the Bible from its beginning up to the present time. It answers many perplexing questions about authorship, sources, time of writing, and versions.

What is Christianity?

By GEORGE CROSS, Professor of Systematic Theology, Rochester Theological Seminary. $1.00, postpaid $1.10. This book is a comprehensive survey of the rival interpretations of Christianity. The aim of the author is to assist the intelligent layman and the minister who have felt the need of revising their doctrinal inheritance to reach a more satisfactory interpretation of the Christian faith.

Unfair Competition

By W. H. S. STEVENS. $1.50, postpaid $1.65. The author examines twelve methods of competition selected from the practice of modern corporations and trusts, and discusses an economic standard for judging their fairness under present legislation.

Unpopular Government in the United States

By ALBERT M. KALES, Professor of Law in Harvard University. $1.50, postpaid $1.65. This volume is an especially timely book, presenting with great clearness and cogency some of the political needs of the country.

William James and Henri Bergson

By HORACE M. KALLEN, the University of Wisconsin. $1.50, postpaid $1.65. It points out how William James and Henri Bergson, although showing certain general tendencies of thought, formulate divergent and in some respects antagonistic theories of life and fate.

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we have had such a thoroughly worth-while book of stories for children. There are bits of history and of natural history, childhood adventure, fellowship with animals, sheafs of information about a score of interesting matters, and very often an inevitable lesson well worth learning. Each story is a miniature jewel. In their simple sincerity, real interest, and excellent style these stories have a kinship with William J. Hopkins's "Sandman Stories." Both writers obviously love children and have a sensitive appreciation of the way a child's story should be told. Bright eyes will shine over Lemonade Sandy and A Prisoner Set Free and many others in the collection.

Two reprints for the younger members of the family should have accessible place in the home library. It is well to keep alive such a favorite collection as Horace E. Scudder's "The Book of Fables and Folk Stories" (Houghton Mifflin). The present edition (more than thirty years after the first) is simple, inexpensive, and delightfully clean, and the illustrations by Maurice E. Day carry out the folk spirit admirably. Why does Mr. Day's name not appear on the title page? There is a surprising tendency in some recent publications either to omit the illustrator's name or to "immortalize it in a footnote." For instance, Miss Fanny Coe's popular "Second Book of Stories for the Story Teller" (Houghton Mifflin), now appearing in a gift edition "with illustrations," gives no credit to the artists. Even if the illustrations have previously been used elsewhere and are merely included because they come in "cheap and handy," some acknowledgment should be made. Miss Coe's preface is an effectual dampener of joy and must be forgotten as soon as read. It is too much for an author to tell us in sober earnest that the age of story-telling has returned, and "the place once held by bards and minstrels, gallant young troubadours and minnesingers is today being taken by mothers, teachers, library assistants, directors of boys' and girls' clubs, and playground and settlement workers." One shudders on reading further to find that "with numbers comes organization and story-tellers' leagues are springing up all through our wide land." Is a spring drive to be expected?

There are two pleasant books of rhymes. Mary Carolyn Davies's "A Little Freckled Person" (Houghton Mifflin) perhaps had best be "read by title" only. Miss Davies's Pegasus is nimble-footed but wilful, keen to take the road in spasmodic gallops rather than to stretch his wings. One of the better rhymes is The Forest School:

> The little firs demurely stand
> In studious rows on either hand
> (On winter days about like these)
> All learning to be Christmas trees.

The daughter of Lucy Fitch Perkins must be accepted for her mother's sake, particularly when Mrs. Perkins illustrates the rhymes by Eleanor Ellis Perkins. The jingles in "News from Notown" (Houghton Mifflin) are amusing—especially

> Our neighbor Mrs. Padded Jones
> Has very prophesying bones—

but they are better fitted to entertain the adult than the child, who will doubtless prefer Mrs. Perkins to be her own writer as well as her own illustrator, and will welcome "The Scotch Twins" (Houghton Mifflin) with open arms. The Twin series is established beyond need of praise, and each volume has its own champions. Jock and Jean have, perhaps, the most exciting and amusing adventures of any of the Twins, but, as a small boy critic said, "They have an absent-minded way of using occasional Scottish words and then relapsing into plain American talk."

Another notable series that puts forth a new volume is "The Book of Bravery" (Scribners) by Henry W. Lanier. This second group of stories has to do with br ve deeds among Indians and wild animals, with exploration, with the hardy ventures of pioneers, with the courage that knows no fear and that which overcomes fear, and with acts of patriotism and loyalty.

Before turning to the books which particularly divide themselves between girls and boys, mention must be made of a book which will keep the whole family chuckling Not since Oliver Herford's "Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten" has there been such a treat for cat-lovers as Peggy Bacon's "The True Philosopher and Other Cat Tales" (Four Seas). The scoffer and the devotee will take equal joy in the absurdity of these clever fables. The etchings by the author do not keep pace with the written humor, and may be removed to good advantage.

The new books for girls are not so many as in some seasons, but there are half-a-dozen unusually good ones on the list. Ethel Calvert Phillips's "Wee Ann" (Houghton Mifflin) might be a cousin to Jolly Polly, for she is a most lovable and human little child, of the type we like to think purely American. Wee Ann's family, however, is all Scottish, and she herself can be a Scotch thistle on her off days. Wee Ann's Uncle Jamie is the kind of uncle every small girl wants—and ought to have.

Augusta Huiell Seaman has a devoted following among girls—and among boys as well. Mystery and suspense are cleverly handled in her stories, and she does not have to seek far afield for her materials. Her young folks are wholesome and natural, and she does not feel the urge (as do frequent writers of boys' books) of forcing a grizzly bear and a smuggler into every volume. "The Slipper Point Mystery" (Century) will be a postponer of bedtime in many households.

War stories still make their appearance, and the best of these is "Comrade Rosalie" (Century) by Mary Constance Du Bois. Three little French girls, with their carrier pigeons and their dog in an old château in the path of the German drive, have tragic adventures which they meet with true French bravery. The tone of the volume is fine, the story is remarkably lifelike, and it is a good book for American girls to read; but the last chapters where the young *marraines* are brought to this country and are all coupled off at Mount Vernon, might better have been omitted. "Betsy Lane, Patriot" (Century) by George Merrick Mullett is another good story. Young Betsy is a most engaging child whose inventive genius breaks loose at a time when patriotism dominates. She and her famous doll, Jo-An of Ark, engage in all the regulation war activities, but in so original a way that the tale is quite heartening.

Some very nice girls and their adventures are put into a story by Jane D. Abbott, "Larkspur" (Lippincott). The regular routine is gone through—girl scouts, Red Cross, French orphans, returning officers, and the inevitable overworked German spy who "snarls"; but though the plot may not all be strictly probable, the people are extremely real. The spirit of Mrs. Abbott's books is admirable and she is more than lavish of her riches. For a little older group Margaret Widdemer has written "Winona's Way" (Lippincott). Winona and her friends, now that war-gardening and canning are out of fashion, are advanced to the next stage of patriotic endeavor, and go through all the setting-up exercises of community sings, English-for-foreigners, and cafeteria management; they sacrifice themselves, without too much complaint, to the extent of giving weekly dances for the bored soldiers, and they even essay friendship—in somewhat gingerly fashion—with the girls in the big department store. The proclaimed determination to combat snobbishness, however, does not advance one very far on the way to fellowship. The tone of the book is manifest in the discovery made by the heroine, that "Community Service is the only thing that will stop people from being Bolsheviks." Another volume of propaganda is "Summer in the Girls' Camp" (Century) by Anna Worthington Coale. While one may regret that camping—which is of the essence of freedom—has degenerated into an organized movement, yet everyone must rejoice that such opportunities for vigorous and happy life are open to girls of both large means and small. The young person may now have all the fellowship and frolics known to boarding school in a more healthful environment, under the guidance

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Some Interesting Books

Books Published This Week

OUTLAND — By Mary Austin

The thousands of readers of Mary Austin, one of the most gifted American writers, will find in her new novel, skillfully interwoven with the mystery and beauty of the redwoods forests of the west, a charming Christmasy love story, so different from the commonplace as to make one wonder could it really have happened. A real release from life's everyday problems. $1.60

DUST OF NEW YORK — By Konrad Bercovici

If you like the stories of Edna Ferber, Harvey O'Higgins, Fannie Hurst,—yes, and O. Henry and Thomas Burke,—you will find in this quaintly illustrated book the suggestion and flavor of all of these authors. But you will find something entirely different, too, and something more. It would be impossible to read the book without its haunting you for days. $1.60

THE BOOK OF THE DAMNED — By Charles Fort

Theodore Dreiser says, "This is a wonderful book." The Damned are a procession of astounding phenomena that Science has so far excluded from its calculations. We think this is one of the most amazing and significant books of the last twenty years. $1.90

THE COBBLER IN WILLOW STREET — By George O'Neil

With an Introduction by Zoe Akins, author of Declassee

Professor John L. Lowes, author of "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," says, "For sheer imaginative beauty I've heard nothing like these poems for a long, long time. Such sureness and delicacy of perception of beautiful things is rare enough to make a day red-lettered when one finds it." $1.25

THE CRAFT OF THE TORTOISE — By Algernon Tassin

It is dangerous to make comparisons, but many people who have read this sparkling four act play, dealing with the woman question, say that it is as brilliant and genuinely humorous as much of G. B. Shaw's work. $1.50

THEIR SON AND THE NECKLACE — By Eduardo Zamacois

Translated by George Allan England

Two wonderful short novels of everyday life by one of the greatest of that Spanish group of authors with which America is beginning to familiarize itself. $1.25

Books Already in Their Second or Third Printings

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of an altruistic camp spirit rather than under the old repression which gave rule-breaking its chief zest.

A zealous little law-breaker is Inger Johanne, now put into American dress by Emilie Poulsson in "What Happened to Inger Johanne," from the Norwegian of Dikken Zwilgmeyer (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard). This lively Norwegian girl makes herself a centre of interest in the world of story books, quite as she does in her home community. She is an amazingly lifelike young person—much like a woodpile kitten—and the story is refreshingly like a visit to Norway.

Every generation of children must have Johanna Spyri's "Heidi," and Mrs. Stork's translation is sure of a warm welcome. The new gift edition is lamentably cluttered up with marginal decorations—large brown goats grazing at random over a page are certainly disturbing. The colored illustrations by Maria L. Kirk leave much to be desired. Little Heidi at times appears with short black locks, at other with bronze curls, auburn tresses, and light brown ringlets. But one of the charming points of the story is entirely overthrown by an inexcusable carelessness on the part of the artist when depicting Heidi's return to her grandfather on the Alp. Heidi has taken such pains to remove all traces of her Frankfort life before coming back to the old man who hated city ways that she has given away her new hat and taken off her pretty dress and wrapped herself in the familiar old red shawl—but on the pictured page she appears as a stylish young miss in a well-fitting pink frock and a coquettish hat. Sometime, perhaps, the suffering public may rise.

Now for the boys, for whom tons of paper are annually covered with print to be read once and tossed aside. In this class are the superhuman adventures of Dave Darrin (Altemus) on Mediterranean service, on a South American cruise, on the Asiatic station, and against the German submarines (a volume apiece). H. Irving Hancock is an old offender in boys' books, but perhaps no one of his many volumes is worse than "Uncle Sam's Boys Smash the Germans" (Altemus) of which this is the tenor: "with speed but without passion the youngster brought the butt of his gun twice against the Hun's head until that member had been crushed in." In "Sergeant Ted Cole" (Houghton Mifflin), by Everett T. Tomlinson, the horrors of war are minimized and the brilliant opportunities of the United States Marine Service shine forth unimpeded. There is practically no story, and the emotions of the reader are quite untouched by any gallantry, self-sacrifice, or heroism. There is likewise little attempt at a story or at human interest in "Dragon Flies" (Houghton Mifflin) by Donal Hamilton Hayes, in which the aviation service is described in great detail.

Spying, with its involved mystery and daring, is the most popular calling of the day—in fiction. The villain can no longer be allowed to monopolize so rich a field, but must share it with the hero. "The Boy Vigilantes of Belgium" (Century), as described by George E. Walsh, are amateur spies inspired by a young American lad to various improbable adventures.

Scout books naturally come next to war stories. Of these one is far superior to its fellows. "Blind Trails" (Little Brown), by Clayton Ernst, is well written, clean, and wholesome, and sure to interest boys. Of far inferior calibre is Samuel Scoville Jr.'s "Boy Scouts in the Wilderness" (Century). This daring author sends two small scouts naked and unarmed into the forest and leaves them there to wrest a month's living from the wilderness with their bare hands. There is a strange lack of balance in a book which tries to tell botanical truths, to set one right on mushrooms and the superior quality of chestnut-leaved oak, and yet so strains all the human probabilities. When a naturalist wishes to teach boys to observe the birds and insects around him, it seems a pity to "popularize" his science to the extent of padding a rather meagre tale, as Ernest Ingersoll has done in "The Raisin Creek Exploring Club" (Appleton), with burglars and smugglers, but the modern boy story must have in it a Bold Bad Man who is the source first of annoyance and then of gratifying publicity to the intrepid American boy.

Where have we heard before of the boy scouts healing the feud between Hill and Hollow? It has a strangely familiar ring, but is unobjectionable, although the mean boys are far meaner than they would be in real life. The book world has more than its share of undesirable boys. Hockey, hot temper, suspicion, and misunderstanding at Yardley School make up the harmless, unnecessary story by Ralph Henry Barbour called "Guarding His Goal" (Appleton). Another volume escaped from Mr. Barbour's sporting pen is "The Play That Won" (Appleton). In "Watty and Co." (Macmillan) Edward Hall Putnam chronicles the humorous adventures of three slangy, good-natured boys. The volume may excite a passing chuckle, but its possession need never excite covetousness. "Marty Lends a Hand" (Macmillan), by Harold S. Latham, is more seriously intentioned. The story—which concerns a group of commonplace young people rather woodenly portrayed—proclaims itself a 1919 model by including the ubiquitous German spy. What a saving of ink and paper and what a relief from tedium, if the German spy could be deported from literature! His presence spoils what might have been an informing and interesting story of railroad construction, "The Trail Makers" (Holt) by Charles P. Burton.

A jungle and a mighty river make a strong appeal to the adventurous boy, even without the glint of possible diamonds. William J. Lavarre in chatty fashion tells of his trip "Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds" (Marshall Jones). The scene is that which Mr. Beebe has made vivid to us, but this time we have no literary charm, no sympathetic fancy, no keen scientific observation. Instead we have a layman's modest though mediocre account illustrated with a few good photographs.

Satan can find few idle hands if he follows in the wake of A. Frederick Collins. "The Boys' Airplane Book" (Stokes) will keep hundreds of boys out of mischief—or in it, according to one's point of view. But many optimistic boys are doomed to disappointment; the directions in such a book as this are about as satisfying, though quite as plausible, as a conjurer's explanations.

Indian stories are the American boy's rightful inheritance, and each Christmas must add to this legacy. James Willard Schultz's Indians are very real and companionable persons. Boy readers will probably rejoice, therefore, when reading "Rising Wolf; The White Blackfoot" (Houghton Mifflin), the narrative of Hugh Monroe's first year among the Blackfoot Indians, to know that Monroe, sixteen years old that first year, lived to be ninety-eight, and therefore some eighty-odd volumes of his adventures may still be expected. Another boy who spent exciting years as an adopted son of the Indians was "Uncle Nick" Wilson. This hardy old pioneer, who has only recently died, ran away when a lad of twelve to the Shoshones, for love of a pinto pony. The story, "The Indian White Boy" (World Book Co.), which includes his experiences while riding for the Pony Express, is told in his own words, with the spelling, perhaps, amended by Howard R. Driggs. This is another intensely interesting and very boyish record of that life on the plains which we cherish as one of our most stirring traditions. In "The Sun of Quebec" (Appleton), by the late Joseph A. Altscheler, we take leave of Robert Lennox, the hero of six volumes, and also regrettably of Mr. Altscheler, unless his heirs still have some unpublished manuscripts. The younger story-writers would do well to hold to his earnest endeavor for historical accuracy, though they may pull their puppet strings more vigorously and lead their marionettes a livelier dance. Nothing could be calmer than Mr. Altscheler's portrayal of hairbreadth escapes, and even his villains are almost noble. But his sedateness is no bad companion for a lively lad, and his dignity of speech is a boon after the tiresome slangy gabble of certain recent boarding-school tales.

M. H. B. M.

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